THE OFFICIAL

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

EXCLUSIVE!
INTERVIEW WITH WHO STAR NICOLA BRYANT

NO 96 JAN 65p
U.S $2.00 CAN $2.60

MARVEL

WE PREVIEW THE 1985 SERIES OF BRITAIN'S TOP FANTASY SHOW

PLUS ALL YOUR FAVOURITE REGULAR FEATURES

FIVE DOCTORS ARCHIVES

THE TWIN DILEMMA

THIS ISSUE

INTERVIEW WITH NICOLA BRYANT

We talk exclusively to Nicola Bryant, the bubbly young American actress who plays Peri Brown, the Doctor's latest time-travelling companion. She has appeared with both Peter Davison and Colin Baker in the series. In the next season of *Doctor Who* Nicola Bryant will continue her adventures as Peri in the vast dimensions of time and space.

PANOPTICON WEST CONVENTION

A special report by current *Doctor Who* Producer John Nathan-Turner, on the huge Panopticon West Convention held earlier this year in America. A picture-packed feature illustrating the fun and games that were enjoyed by all at this mammoth *Doctor Who* fan gathering.

January 1985 issue
Number 96

Editor:
Alan McKenzie

Assistant Editor:
Roger P. Birchall

Designer:
Jane Hindmarsh

Feature Writers:
Richard Marson
Gary Russell

Archivist:
Jeremy Bentham

Production:
Tim Hampson

Colour:
Cheamworth Ltd

Typesetting:
Type Generation

Distribution:
Comag

Financial Controller:
James Sclater

Advertising:
Sally Benson

Publisher:
Stan Lee

Adviser:
John Nathan-Turner

FROM THE ARCHIVES

This issue we cover the very popular 20th Anniversary Special, *The Five Doctors,* directed by Peter Moffatt. Plus a behind-the-scenes Fact File on this exciting story.

REGULAR FEATURES

Doctor Who Letters 4
Gallifrey Guardian 6
Matrix Data Bank 11
On Target 14

COMIC STRIP

Famed scientist Dr Asimoff has been kidnapped by the Doctor and his penguin companion, Frobisher, in a clever ploy to finance the 'Save the Zyglot' fund with the

ransom money they are demanding. After falling into a hypnotic trance that transports him unconsciously to a Save the Zyglot campaign committee meeting, the

Doctor decides it is time to pay a visit to the planet of the Zyglot hunters, the Akkers (reputed to be the dullest race in the galaxy!)...

Doctor Who Magazine is published by Marvel Comics Ltd., 23 Redan Place, Queensway, London W2 4SA. All Doctor Who material is copyright © 1984 BBC. All other material is copyright © Marvel Comics Ltd., a subsidiary of Cadence Industries Corp. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or in part without the written permission of the publishers. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, though the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or photos.

Subscription Information: *Annual subscriptions to* **Doctor Who Magazine** *can be obtained by sending a cheque or Postal Order (send no cash) to the editorial address for £9.00 (overseas subscriptions are $30.00 US currency). Delivery is First Class Postage in the UK and by Air Speed for Overseas. For display advertising contact: Sally Benson, 01-221 1232. Printed in the UK*

DOCTOR WHO LETTERS

Send all your letters to:
Doctor Who Magazine,
23 Redan Place,
Queensway,
London W2 4SA.

THE INCREDIBLE HULKE

I especially enjoyed **Doctor Who Magazine 91.** I think that Malcolm Hulke was a superb writer; and his episodes for Pertwee were some of the best. Since I like to read science fiction much more than to watch it – *Doctor Who* is the major television programme I watch – I also think that Malcolm Hulke's novelizations – in particular, *The Sea Devils* and *The Space War* – are some of the best Target books. And I regard *Frontier In Space* as an often neglected classic. As long as we are getting the Cybermen and Sea Devils back, how about a return engagement for the Draconians?

Doctor Who is getting enormously popular here in the States and I have seen all of the Doctors and like them all, though I have seen only two Hartnell and one Troughton episode, as they are hard to get over here.

Mary J. Lesch,
Omaha,
U.S.A.

Picture this, if you will. It is Christmas Eve, 1984. The TARDIS lands outside a small English tavern. Inside the tavern, the regulars and guests are all sitting round a pot bellied stove, telling stories. The Doctor and Peri enter (The Doctor wants to show Peri a real Christmas) and are welcomed into the little group. One thing leads to another, and the Doctor is persuaded to tell a story. The story he ends up telling is *Shada.*

I think such a story would make a wonderful Christmas special. What better Christmas present could a fan want? It would also be a solution to the problem of not having all of *Shada* filmed. The Doctor could simply 'tell' the parts that aren't there. It would be a relatively inexpensive episode to make as most of it is already 'in the can'.

Well, thanks for listening. And keep up the good work!

Mark Vuillemot
Pittsfield, MA,
U.S.A.

A CHRISTMAS TALE

First of all, I'd like to congratulate you on a fine magazine. It's the one monthly publication that I look forward to with the proverbial bated breath. I've been a fan of *Doctor Who* almost from the first time I sat down to watch it. (It was being shown on Saturday morning with no particular regard as to the order of adventures and with narration if you can believe it!) Anyway, I quickly caught on to the show and became a big fan. Currently, here in Berkshire County, we get the show on two stations (Public Channels 17 and 57). We have seen all of Season 21 except for *The Twin Dilemma,* which was skipped over for some unknown reason.

But to the point of this letter. An idea has been forming and fermenting in my mind for some time now, and I have been extremely frustrated at having no one to tell it to. Well, you're elected.

CRITIC'S CORNER

I've followed **Doctor Who Magazine** right from its embryonic inception as the patronising *Doctor Who Weekly,* and despite a few annoying articles and printing errors, it has generally been well received. However, since you started to boast the hyperbolically commercial title THE OFFICIAL **Doctor Who Magazine,** it seems that you fellows have been letting a few things slip. Just because you've got a new, flashy 'improved look' with glossy paper and all is no reason to start getting big-headed. On the whole, the magazine is interesting and intelligently written, but a few unjustifiable lapses have started creeping in.

First of all, I'd like to remind you that a letters page is *not* another name for a second-hand photo gallery . . . a letters page is a letters page. Full stop. What you should do is cut out those photographs and 'BEN HUR' style headings, which only waste space anyway, and just print the letters themselves, which is really the whole point of having a letters page in the first place. It'd also be nice if you printed the full address of the writers (unless they specify otherwise), which would be a valuable start to establishing much greater contact between *Doctor Who* connoisseurs all over. Who knows . . . you could find that you live only two streets away from a fellow fan!

Gallifrey Guardian is as brilliantly informative as ever, despite the return of 'Quote of the Month'. And as for sticking to television quotes . . . How many of us have a fully-stocked library of videotaped stories to drool selfishly over?

And what about the *Doctor Who* comic strip . . .? Hmmmmm. Steve Parkhouse is generally a quite good comic script writer, as well as being a brilliant artist, the best story he's written lately being *The Stockbridge Horror.* But his later

stories are, to be blunt, totally unsuited to the *Doctor Who* mythos. For example, *Lunar Lagoon* had very little to do with anything even *remotely* connected to the *Doctor Who* genre. It was as if Mr Parkhouse had quickly inserted the Doctor – and rather ineptly, at that – into a previously rejected 'Commando' war story just to get a few bob. *Four Dimensional Vistas,* too, was terribly tacky . . . reading it was like washing the dishes in a sink full of treacle. The storyline was so weak as to be virtually transparent, and was vastly overlengthened by padding. Surely the Ice Warriors deserve better than that sort of pedestrian rubbish? And now we've got Voyager – which I must profess I liked very much at first. Okay, so the opening episode was a bit purple, but then I'm not averse to a little purple prose . . . especially if it's written as beautifully as this. Though John Ridg-

way's gritty and realistic art didn't really fit into this kind of surreal story. Now, however, things are starting to get out of hand. Frobisher boded ill and has become just another sonic screwdriver – though a living one this time. Once the Doctor gets himself into a tight corner, the shape-shifting alien will arrive in true Errol Flynn fashion and valiantly rescue our favourite Time Lord. Companions are one thing, but this . . .? I personally prefer a much more serious approach to *Doctor Who*. Like the series itself, the strip should be suspenseful and intelligent, and witty in an elegant sort of way. Mr Parkhouse seems to glorify in destroying his carefully built-up tension with slap-stick and supposedly amusing rib-ticklers. For what appears to be a homage to Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* Voyager is an unstable fusion of science and mysticism. Surely the readers deserve something more intense, something more thought-provoking than this *Keystone Cops* style melodrama?

Anyway to change the subject before getting myself lynched, I must say that I'm very pleased with the beautifully constructive analytical approach to the *Doctor Who* books, which you've finally got round to showing some interest in. These reviews are much more like those in your fellow magazine, *Starburst,* in that they're both intelligent and true to the reviewer's opinion. They don't just praise the book for the sake of not annoying too many readers. It's also good to see that you have at last stopped calling the Target *Doctor Who* books 'novels'. They're novelisations, a much more lowly form of life.

The Zygon poster was brilliant, though not many people will grace their bedroom wall with it because of the *Archives* feature on the other side. Couldn't you replace it with the advertisements in future, like before, so we don't have to unstick the poster every time we're flicking through our back issues?

The Interviews are always interesting,

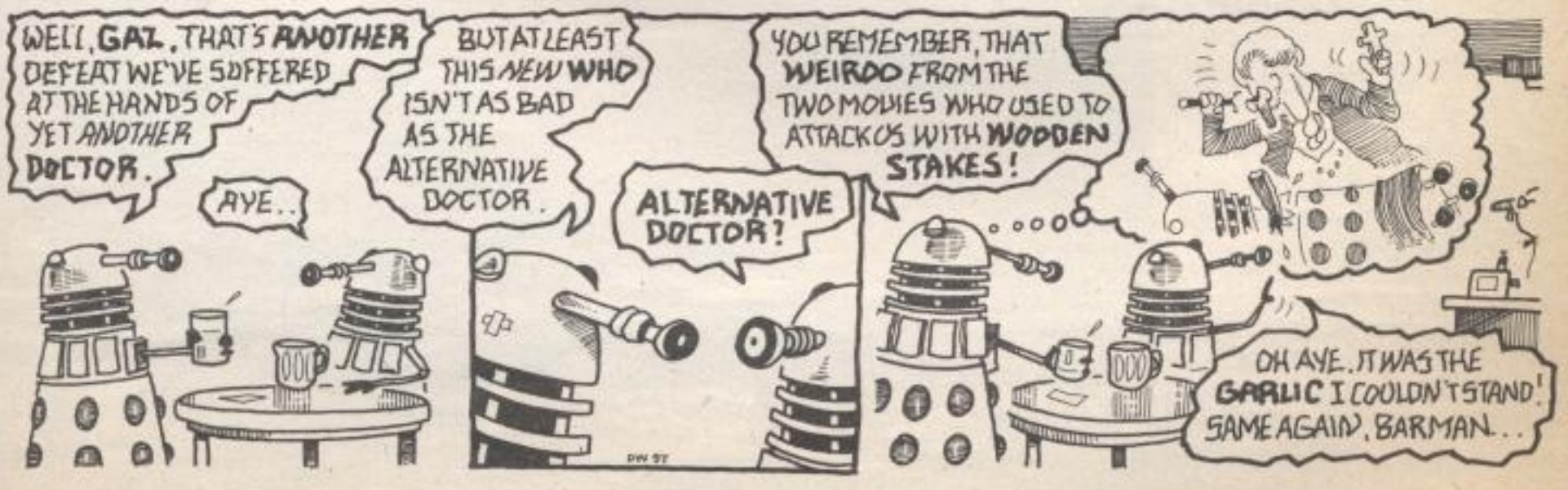
and I'm eagerly looking forward to the report on the now defunct *Doctor Who* film. It'd be interesting if you could do this sort of thing in future issues . . . a 'What might have been . . .' series with excerpts from scripts and proposed films that didn't quite make it. The BBC must have hundreds of script submissions every year, and dozens of scheduled ones that had to be shelved permanently. A few features on the art of script-writing for the series and how the needs and approaches have changed over the years would also make a fascinating addition to the magazine. The writers themselves are the first and thus most important part of any story, and they seem to be sadly neglected. Like Steven Spielberg and George Lucas, too many people are getting their priorities mixed up these days and concentrating too much on the directors and producers.

To finish with, another suggestion – why not revive the back-up comic strips that were once a staple part of the magazine? It'll be a monumental nostalgia trip, with the return of old foes like the Krynoids, Axons and Fendahl . . . not to mention the infamous Daleks and their humanoid counterparts, the Cybermen. A back-up comic strip appearing regularly every month would also prove invaluable in launching the careers of would-be writers and artists, for which the comic industry is always supposedly searching. There could be hundreds of people out there oozing with raw creativity, originality and imagination and just looking for a chance to get on the ladder.

Sorry if I've given the impression that I don't like the magazine – I do. It's just that sometimes being too over-ambitious and *too* commercial can make dog's meat of a potentially brilliant literary creation.

John Smith,
Blackburn,
Lancashire.

DOCTOR WHO? by Tim Quinn & Dicky Howett


WELL, GAZ, THAT'S ANOTHER DEFEAT WE'VE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF YET ANOTHER DOCTOR.
AYE..
BUT AT LEAST THIS NEW WHO ISN'T AS BAD AS THE ALTERNATIVE DOCTOR.
ALTERNATIVE DOCTOR?
YOU REMEMBER, THAT WEIRDO FROM THE TWO MOVIES WHO USED TO ATTACK US WITH WOODEN STAKES!
OH AYE.. IT WAS THE GARLIC I COULDN'T STAND! SAME AGAIN, BARMAN...

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

THE NEW SEASON

STARTING in about a month will be the twenty second season of *Doctor Who* produced by John Nathan-Turner and script edited by Eric Saward – a combination that has been going strong since 1981.

The six serials will go out as forty-five minute segments; the first of these is *Attack of the Cybermen* written in two parts by newcomer Paula Moore and directed by Matthew Robinson. Another writer new to *Doctor Who*, Philip Martin, has written the second two-parter, *Vengeance on Varos*, directed by old hand Ron Jones. New writers and a new director have created *Mark of the Rani*, Pip and Jane Baker wrote, Sarah Hellings directed. The fourth story, a three parter stars two actors as the Doctor – Patrick Troughton and Colin Baker in Robert Holmes' *The Two Doctors*, directed by Peter Mofatt. The fifth story is directed by another old timer, Pennant Roberts and is written by newcomer Glen McCoy, it's called *Time-Lash*.

The sixth and final story is, as yet, untitled by will be by script editor Eric Saward and directed by Graeme Harper. More cast have been added to the third story, *Mark of the Rani*. Joining Colin Baker, Nicola Bryant and Anthony Ainley are Terence Alexander as Lord Ravensworth (*Bergerac* fans should know him as the 'tec's father-in-law Charles Hungerford). Gary Cady, seen recently in BBC tv's *Leaving* series appears, as does Gawn Grainger, who played the missing husband in the BBC show that the late Douglas Camfield directed, *Missing From Home*. Gawn has also written episodes of the new BBC serial *Big Deal* and was recently seen on ITV as John Thaw's boss in *Mitch*. Playing the title role of The Rani is the gorgeous Kate O'Mara, who with her feline-like eyes and stunning beauty ought to be a rather good villain for the Doctor.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Last month's quote was taken from the last episode of the 1979 story *The Armaggedon Factor* by Bob Baker and Dave Martin. This month's quote was sent in by Chris Chibnall of Merseyside, who has a prize off to him at the moment. Just a little reminder that we'd like quotes from the tv series, *not* the books, please. And over to Chris: 'He likes to be mysterious – although he talks a lot about Guildford. I think that's where he comes from'.

FROM LITTLE CINDERS

. . . BIG PANTOMIMES WILL GROW. Following the highly successful run in Tunbridge Wells two years ago of John Nathan-Turner's panto production of *Cinderella*, the show is to be revived again this year.

Once again Anthony Ainley will portray the character of Baron Hardup and *Doctor Who* regulars will fill out the rest of the cast. Colin Baker is cast as Buttons, Nicola Bryant appears as Cinderella. Also in the show are Jacqueline Pearce as The Fairy Godmother and Mary Tamm as Prince Charming.

The production will be designed by Tony Burrows, the man responsible for the look of *Warriors of the Deep*, *The Keeper of Traken* and *The Two Doctors*.

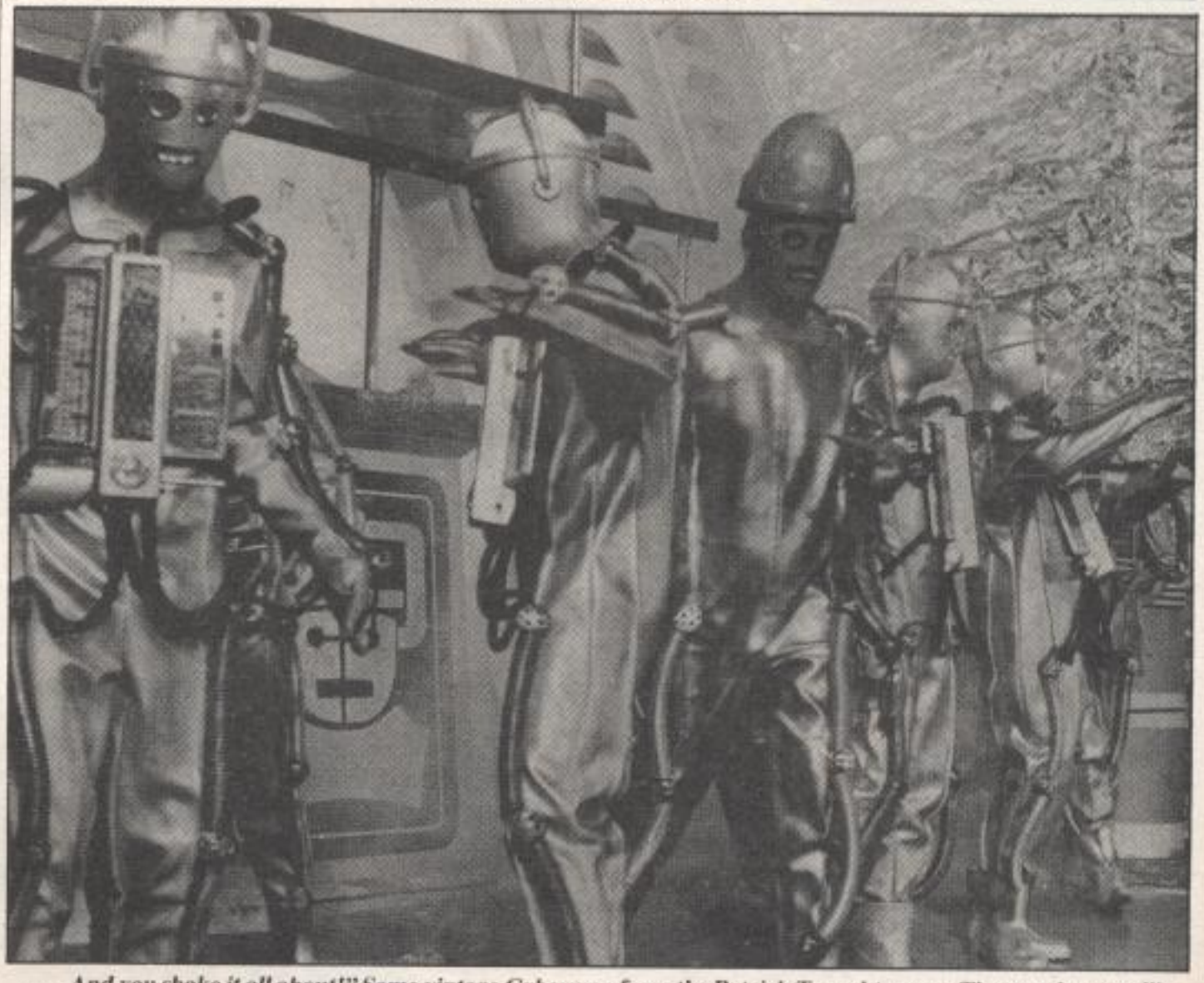
Others involved include Gary Downie, who will be choreographing, and on the administration side top director Fiona Cumming will be acting as Production Executive.

The days of the pantomime are December 26th 1984 through to January 12th 1985 and the venue is the Gaumont Theatre in Southampton, a mere two minutes' walk from the city's railway station. Don't miss it!

OVERSEAS CONVENTION

OVER TO CANADA now where the famous *Doctor Who Information Network* folk are holding their annual *Doctor Who* convention, *Who Party 7* on May 26-26th 1985 in Ontario.

For further information drop a line and an International Reply Coupon (available from all post offices) to Who Party 7, 104 Kingston Crescent, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2B 2T7.

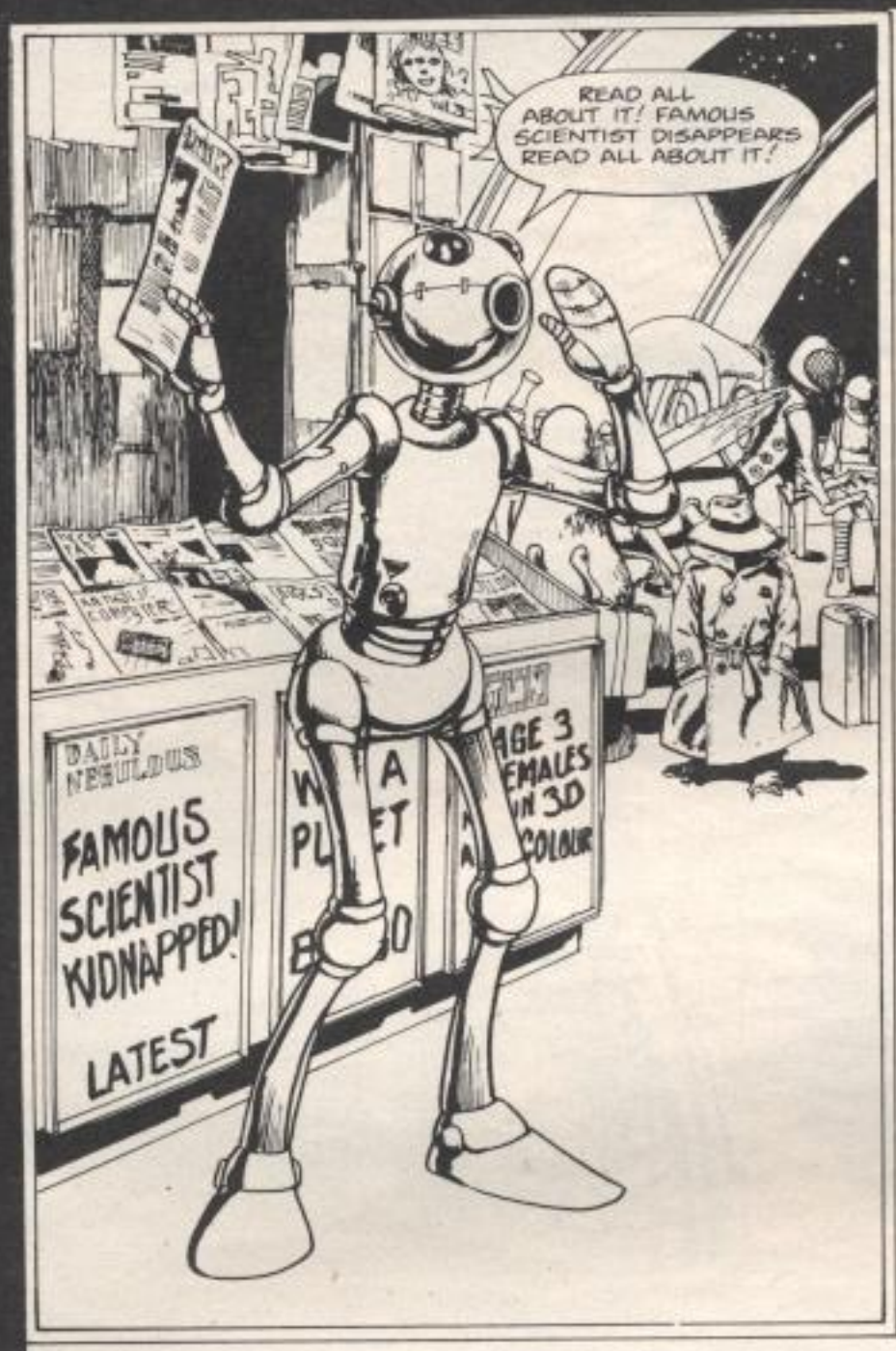


***. . . And you shake it all about!" Some vintage Cybermen from the Patrick Troughton era. The popular metallic monsters will return in the next season of* Doctor Who *in* Attack of the Cybermen.**

DOCTOR WHO

POLLY THE GLOT

PART 2



SURE ENOUGH...
INTERESTING... VERY INTERESTING. I THINK THE DOCTOR MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN THIS STORY...
IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT...

SCRIPT-STEVE PARKHOUSE ART-JOHN RIDGWAY EDITOR-ALAN McKENZIE

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THE ZYGLOT TRUST TO PAY A ***RANSOM*** FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN?

RANSOM? THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY PAY A RANSOM!

THE ZYGLOT TRUST IS ***BROKE!***

I SUSPECTED THAT. AND AS SOON AS THE PUBLIC FIND OUT, THEY'LL BE SENDING IN ***DONATIONS*** FROM FAR AND WIDE.

QUITE POSSIBLY. BY THE WAY, WHO ***IS*** THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRUST?

YOU MEAN... YOU KIDNAPPED ME FOR A ***PUBLICITY STUNT?*** BUT THAT'S ***OUTRAGEOUS!***

THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRUST WILL BE ***FURIOUS!***

HIS NAME IS LABUS. PROFESSOR ***ASTRO LABUS.***

SOMETHING REVERBERATED THEN IN THE DOCTOR'S BRAIN. A SENSATION ***SOUNDED*** IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS MIND LIKE A WHALE... THE REALITY OF A FLOOR BENEATH HIS FEET SIMPLY CEASED.

...AND HE FELL.

ALORS! IL EST TRÉS TARD!

OU EST LE PETIT RUNT? DISPARU? HMMM? ABSCONDED WITH THE FUNDS? LEGGED IT WITH THE MAZUMAS?

IT'S MOST UNLIKE THE DOCTOR TO BE LATE, MISTER PRESIDENT.

NO MATTER. WE'LL START THE MEETING... ***SANS ASIMOFF!***

I NOW CALL TO ORDER THE NINTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE SAVE THE ZYGLOT TRUST...

TAP TAP

MISTER CHAIRMAN! MISTER CHAIRMAN!

THE NEWS HAS JUST REACHED US! DOCTOR ASIMOFF HAS BEEN ***KIDNAPPED!*** THEY'RE DEMANDING HALF A MILLION RANSOM!

STONE THE FLAMIN' CROWS! VOUS NE DITES PAS!

I SMELL A RAT HERE, GENTLEMEN. I SMELL A BIG, FAT FURRY RAT...

AND THROW IN A ***PENGUIN*** FOR GOOD MEASURE!

DOCTOR? DOCTOR, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

OOH... WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU MUST'VE ***FAINTED*** OR SOMETHING.

MATRIX Dåta bånk

CYBER-QUESTION I

Firstly this issue, two brothers, Stephen and Mark Cockayne of Walsall have been debating the Cybermen and ask two questions. Firstly, do the Cybermen and Daleks exist in different time streams as, despite their powers, they have never met and secondly, which of the two are more powerful and therefore which would be likely to win in a fight. Firstly, although the two races have never met on screen (an event some of us think long overdue) they were both mentioned in the 1973 story *Carnival of Monsters* where the showman, Vorg, is displaying his MiniScope and shows a Cyberman at one point (his assistant describes it as "a blob in a snowstorm") and then an Ogron, describing it as a servant of the Daleks. This brings us to the answer to your second question which obviously is a little difficult to answer accurately as a meeting has *yet* to occur. It would really depend on the battle. Personally I feel that if it were a spaceship versus spaceship war, fought in outer space, then the Daleks would have the advantage of superior equipment and a less-logical approach, using cunning to avoid trouble. But in a physical fight between a Cyberman and a Dalek, my money is very definitely on the Cyberman!

CYBER-QUESTION 2

Next up on the subject is Simon Welch from Romford who wants to know which story the Cyberman on page 27 of issue 91 come from. Both stills are from the 1968 Troughton story, *The Invasion*. The top shot shows our metal and plastic chums wandering around St Paul's Cathedral in London in Episode 7 and the bottom one is from Episode 8 where, guns blazing they advance on the UNIT troops in the final climactic battle. All of this will make sense, of course, when you read Ian Marter's novelisation for Target books. Two questions from Mary Peters down under in Melbourne. Firstly, she wonders when *The Tenth Planet* was set, 1986 or 20000AD? The answer is 1986 (not long now folks), and next season's *Attack of the Cyberman* story ought to reinforce that point. Paula Moore's tale also ought to help solve Mary Peters' second question – the old chicken or the egg question of where was the Cybermen's original home – Mondas or Telos. The answer is certainly Mondas – they colonised Telos later. Keep watching your screens . . .

CYBER-QUESTION 3

Our final bit of Cybertalk comes from Lee Woods of Walthamstow in east London. He points out that in Ian Marter's book of *The Dominators* Zoe says: *What, no Cybermen or Daleks?*. Lee wonders how Zoe knew of the Cybermen or Daleks as *the Dominators* was only her second story – had Ian Marter made a mistake?

Not at all, Lee. Zoe's introductory story, *The Wheel In Space* involved a plot by the Cybermen, and Cybermats, to take over the space station where she worked and at the end of that story, the Doctor retold her the story of *Evil of the Daleks*, which provided British viewers with the first ever complete story repeat which ended just before *the Dominators* started.

SERIAL NUMBERS

Catherine Angell of Southampton wonders what we mean in our episode guides when we refer to story like *Planet of Fire* as "Serial 6Q". That, Catherine, is simply a code used by the BBC to identify the story rather than keep writing out *Planet of Fire* on all their paperwork. The very first story was coded "Serial A" and it went on until now, although when it came to *Planet of the Spiders* in 1974, "Serial ZZZ" was the last of its kind. For *Robot* rather than being "Serial AAAA" it was "Serial 4A". Thus we come to 6T for next year's Cyberman story, 6V for *Vengeance on Varos*, 6X for *The Mark of the Rani*, 6W for *The Two Doctors* and 6Y for *Time-Lash*. The last story will be 6Z which means that the first story of the 1986 season will be 7A. The reason there is no 6U is because on paper 6U and 6V look too similar and could be confusing. 6X comes before 6W because although shown fourth, *The Two Doctors* was made third. Simple, eh?

A MOVING PLEA

A. Baker (that's a name, not a trade) of Gloucestershire is a bit worried about the TARDIS. Bearing in mind the vast interior which even the Doctor doesn't know his way around, how come it is so light and easily lifted by such nasties as Marshmen or toppled over cliffs by high Peladonian winds? Well, as far as we can gather the TARDIS interior is in a different dimension to the exterior (that's what being dimensionally transcendental is all about) and therefore if you picked up the TARDIS you only feel the weight of an ordinary policebox. If the Doctor really wanted to stop it being easily moved he ought to fix the chameleon circuit and turn it into a heavy stone object like an Egyptian pillar. But that doesn't seem too likely, does it . . ?

PROLIFIC SCRIPTERS

Justin Gamblin of Wickham wonders who has written the most scripts for *Doctor Who*. We reckon that the answer is Robert Holmes with 14 followed by Terry Nation with 11, David Whitaker with 8, Malcolm Hulke with 7, Kit Pedlar with 6 and Terrance Dicks with 5.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

And finally this time around William Bubb of Devesham asks how many stories have been written under pseudonyms and who were they really? Strangely enough for a long-running series, not that many. David Agnew, of course, didn't write *City of Death* or *Invasion of Time* – that was David Fisher, Douglas Adams and Graham Williams for *City* and Anthony Read, David Weir and Graham Williams for the Sontaran story. Norman Ashby of

Dominators fame was Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln of Yeti fame. Robin Bland was the name chosen by Terrance Dicks for his script of *Brain of Morbius* after Robert Holmes rewrote it, he felt bland summed it up! Holmes was also responsible for rewriting Lewis Griffer's script about living Egyptian mummies which eventually went out under the name of Stephen Harris and was of course *Pyramids of Mars*. Another Robert, this time Sloman, of *Time Monster* fame, teamed up with Barry Letts to become Guy Leopold and together they wrote *The Daemons*. Even WH Allen have had their share of pseudonyms, as Steve Gallagher adapted his scripts for *Terminus* and *Warriors' Gate* as John Lydecker. Current producer John Nathan-Turner has always claimed that none of his writers have ever used pseudonyms on television, a fact he is justifiably proud of as, if you scan the above list, apart from the scripts written by producers, all the other pseudonyms have existed as a result of disagreements between writers and production staff. Well, that's all folks. ■

The fantastic world of annuals:

Mr T
Conan II
Dune
Indiana Jones

Hardbacked full colour 1985 Annuals from Grandreams, each with 64 feature packed pages, with titles to suit everyone from Pop to Movies to TV to BMX to Comic Books, there's an annual for you.

£3.25
each
(inc pp)

Send all orders to:
The Perfect Mailing Co.
(Grandreams),
Maldon, Essex CM9 6DY.

All orders must be pre-paid.
Please make cheques/POs etc.
payable to: The Perfect
Mailing Co Ltd.

1985 ANNUALS AVAILABLE ARE:

* Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom	Wham
* Conan the Destroyer	Culture Club
* Dune – The Movie	BMX Bikes
Fraggle Rock	Roland Rat
Knight Rider	Manimal
The Fall Guy	Spiderman
* Mr T	Hulk
	Return of the Jedi
	The S.A.S.

* Not illustrated

Any 4 Annuals for £12.00 post-paid

'THE PERFECT MAILING COMPANY'
(GRANDREAMS)
MALDON, ESSEX, ENGLAND

Remember to include your own name and address with your order.

All Annuals subject to availability.
(No orders accepted after December 31st 1984)

ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN

Originally they came from Mondas – a planet identical in every way to Earth, in fact Earth's twin sister – thrown out of orbit and away from our solar system millions of years ago – just as life started to develop on both worlds. But on Mondas intelligent life evolved in a very different way. The humanoids of Earth's twin planet developed the means to replace worn out bodies with plastic and metal, organs and limbs became computerised, hydraulic implements, designed for survival. Then, nearly all traces of emotion were removed, supressing forever love, pleasure, hate and jealousy leaving only the thirst for supremacy over other beings. Finally, having created a cybernetic race, they created a cybernetic planet to go with it and roamed the galaxies, colonising worlds, taking what was needed then destroying or settling.

Eventually the homeworld of Mondas was piloted back towards its place of origin – next to planet Earth in the hope that the humans that lived there had also progressed as far and could thus join the Cybermen in their conquests. Alas for both races, Mankind had not remotely approached such standards by 1986 and so the Cybermen sought to convert the Earth people to a more cybernetic lifestyle. But the Earthlings had other ideas – which led to the eventual destruction of Mondas and all who existed on her. The fourteenth planet they colonised was a cold planet named Telos, which became their new base, from where they planned retribution. Three invasions were attempted – three invasions were foiled and the Cybermen gave up – or so it seemed. Eventually, after eons of waiting, the Cybermen tricked a party of archaeologists into excavating the ice tombs on Telos and laid a trap – a trap which partly backfired and eventually resulted in an all out Cyberwar, with the Telosians against the rest of the Galaxy. Despite their resources and seemingly inexhaustable determination, the Cybermen were defeated and never heard of again. Until the year 1985 – one thousand years before the Cyberwar!

How could this be?

The Cybermen had not, it seemed developed the secrets of time travel – by what serendipitous means were they still alive and thriving in the cold but well-stocked London of the late twentieth century – a whole year before Mondas even returned?

Looking Good

All this, and more will be answered in Paula Moore's exciting and action-packed script for *Attack of the Cybermen* the first story of the twenty-second season of *Doctor Who.* Directed by Matthew Robinson, who last year masterminded *Resurrection of the Daleks* and helped it become our season survey winner, *Attack of the Cybermen* contains a great deal of the imaginative camerawork that so impressed everyone before. Whether in the stuido recorded scenes of the London sewers or the location shots on the landscape of Telos, the production positively glows with skilful direction and creative casting.

New Aliens

Joining Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant as the sixth Doctor and Peri Brown are a massive cast of guest artists, led by Maurice Colbourne as Lytton, the mercenary last seen dressed as a police inspector on the banks of the Thames at the end of the Dalek story. Joining him are Brian Glover, the bald, northern actor as Griffiths, Terry (Davros) Molloy as Russell and James Beckett as Payne. On the side of the Cybermen are David Banks as the Cyberleader and returning to the show after an eighteen year absence is the CyberController, last seen tottering unsteadily away from the huge doors at the entrance to the *Tomb of the Cybermen,* once again portrayed by actor Michael Kilgarrif (who also played an Ogron in *Frontier in Space* and the title role in the Tom Baker debut story in 1975 *Robot*). Hiding out amongst the sandunes of Telos are Bates and Stratton played by Michael Attwell and Johnathan David. And making their debut but in this story are a new race of aliens called Cryons. They are led by Flast, played by top female impressionist Faith Brown, Varne played by ex-*Blue Peter* hostess Sarah Greene and Rost portrayed by Royal Shakespeare Company actress Sarah Berger. The settings are 1985 London and the planet Telos, both on top and down below!

Amongst the production staff are costume designer Anushia Nieradzik, make-up artist Linda McInnes and visual effects designer Chris Lawson. Malcolm Clark is supplying the incidental music.

Apart from the strong story potential – *Attack of the Cybermen* is also a landmark in the history of the programme as, for the first time, it regularly will be

transmitted as two forty-five minute segments as opposed to the usual four twenty-five minute episodes. This is the first of five two-parters this season, the other story being a three parter – almost equivalent to that of an old six-part story.

Although their design may have drastically altered since Mondas drifted back towards us, the essential Cybermen "soul" remains unchanged – they are back to attack, fight and conquer – and it could take the Doctor and his friends a great deal of time, energy and sacrifices to win! ■

ON TARGET

Packer opened his mouth to object, but then closed it again and his resentment seeped away to collect like poisonous pus in a festering boil.

As a fan of both *Doctor Who* the series and *Doctor Who* the novels, I would suggest somewhat caustically that Ian Marter is a clever chap who knows the meaning of ambiguity. In the interview with him in issue 93 of **Doctor Who Magazine** he said: "I don't think (the books) should avoid words like 'bastard' and all that can of beans. After all, every kid sees people being shot and fried with lasers and so on. I wouldn't want to sensationalise or overdo the gore content where it wasn't necessary, but I don't think I should shrink away from the violence if it's there. In that sense my attitude is that I'm writing for a reasonably adult audience – though I query the use of the term 'adult'". And having just sat down and read his latest novel, *The Invasion* I, too, query the term – though probably not for the same reasons as he.

Occasionally, Ian Marter can produce goods of the highest quality *(The Sontaran Experiment* and *The Dominators,* for instance) but more often than not, he serves dross, cleverly disguised mind you but dross all the same, on a gaudy plate with all the subtlety of balloons at a funeral. *The Invasion* is an inferior book, from the word go, especially with the total lack of mention of the adventure that preceded it (ie, *The Mind Robber),* casually telling the reader that the TARDIS reassembled itself. Why? What caused it to break up?

After that brief introduction, it's on with the story (Derrick Sherwin and Kit Pedler scripted it as quite a jolly, if overlong, romp back in '68) with a Jamie who is fully informed about exactly what *Kilroy Woz 'Ere* means, a Zoe who has an uncanny grasp on late Sixties 'hip' expressions and a Doctor who calles everyone "My boy", "My dear", or "My girl", except the Brigadier, to whom he refers as "The Brig"!

As the book goes on we meet such characters as Gregory, the wimpish scientist who suddenly gains enough confidence to attempt to gun someone down, Packer the psychotic security chief with an affinity for falability and, of course, Tobias Vaughn – the only vaguely well-written character whose eventual betrayal by his "allies" causes a very definite breakdown. Marter uses every trick in the book to accurately portray the Vaughn of the last twenty odd pages as totally at odds with the scheming, sly and salacious version at the beginning, possibly showing that deep down Ian Marter does have some talent as a writer. But what really lets the book down is the adult approach. To Marter "adult" seems to mean people, most probably young men, who reach that stage in growing up where it is "big" to swear and use vivid descriptions of blood and gore and try to see X-rated horror movies at 13. Marter doesn't treat his audience as adults at all but as juvenile delinquents who, after all the unfair criticism of writers like Terrance Dicks, Eric Saward and Peter Grimwade as being bland and unexciting, tries to liven up his books with such colourful prose as "Routledge remained standing like a waxen dummy for several seconds. Then he vomited a stream of blood and pitched forward onto his face." It's the sort of writing style teenagers adopt when writing home-grown James Bond novels – and then hopefully drop as writing skill takes over from writing hack.

On the other hand – good old Terrance Dicks, who seems to have really found his feet again now he's concentrating on the old books as opposed to the recent Davison stories, has come up with another sure-fire winner hot on the heels of *Inferno.* Don Houghton's second and seemingly last script for the show, *The Mind of Evil* has finally been turned into prose by the old hand and a very likeable trot through Pertwee-ville it is too. All the stock characters are there – the grounded third Doctor, silly old Jo, fussy old Brigadier, clumsy old Benton, heroic old Yates and nasty old Master – the ultimate Pertwee novel!

The plot remains faithful to Houghton's original, and is probably better for it. Dicks' version of killing and maiming is never as gory as Ian Marter's but is never bland either – or if it is, it still holds a punch in the sheer casualness of it. *The Mind of Evil* is by definition a more violent, vicious story than *The Invasion,* telling us how a parasitic creature has stowed away in a machine of the Master's, stealing all the evil from the minds of some of Britain's most hardened and sadistic criminals and eventually learns to hop around the place, killing or inciting to riot.

The listener removed his cap and muffler. He took off his grimy coveralls to reveal an immaculately cut Saville Row suit, a spotless white handkerchief in the top packet. Finally he slipped his hands under his chin and removed his face, peeling back the mask of the workman to reveal a very different set of features. The face beneath the mask, although rather sallow, was distinguished in a somewhat sinister way, with heavy eyebrows, dark, burning eyes and a neatly pointed beard.

It was the face of the Master. The transformation complete, the Master took a fur-collared coat from the back of a chair, tossed it carelessly over one arm, and strolled out of the canvas hut, every inch the man of distinction.

Parked not far away was a luxury limousine, with a chauffeur as big and black and powerful as the car he drove. As the Master appeared, the chauffeur sprang from the car, touched his cap and opened the rear door. The Master slid gracefully into the back seat, sank back into the expensive leather upholstery, and produced and lit a large and opulent cigar. Exhaling a cloud of fragant smoke, he produced the listening device and settled back to wait. ■

Archives

THE FIVE DOCTORS

With some hesitation the old man grips his lapels and prepares to bid a fond companion farewell. It is a moment of sadness, yet still there is a promise to be made. 'One day I shall come back,' he vows. 'Yes, I shall come back. Until then, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. Just go forward in all your beliefs, and prove to me that I am not mistaken in mine . . .'

Across the gulf of time the Doctor, older in years but younger in body, has finished streamlining the control console of the TARDIS. Tegan is not sure he has the ship working properly again, and says so. Unperturbed, the Doctor ventures outside to find his other companion, Turlough.

In a darkened chamber a black-robed figure is manipulating a bank of instruments. A screen shows the Doctor's first incarnation in a garden. The figure watches as the Doctor is scooped from his time-stream. Carefully, the figure takes an effigy of the first Doctor and places it on a gameboard beside a tower.

At that moment the fifth Doctor feels a wrench; as though something of him had just been lost . . .

On Earth, Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart (Retired) is having a drink with his UNIT successor, Charles Crichton, when the second Doctor arrives. But the reunion is interrupted when both become the victims of the time scoop. On the gamesboard, two more effigies are added, and the fifth Doctor's spasms intensify – as though chunks of his past are fading away.

The timescoop's next target is the third Doctor, who is driving along a deserted road in his vintage roadster, 'Bessie'. With quick reflexes the Doctor is able to outmanoeuvre the scoop at first, but the black obelisk swoops again, and another model joins the gamesboard. This time the fifth Doctor is mentally as well as physically affected. Desperately, Tegan and Turlough help him into the TARDIS.

Leaving her home in Croydon, journalist Sarah Jane Smith is only mildly disturbed by the warnings of danger from her loyal companion, K-9. Sarah insists on going out, without K-9. Very shortly afterwards her planned trip by bus becomes, instead, a journey across the infinite.

With the gamesboard only short of a few players, the next target is a couple holidaying on the River Cam, in the shadows of the ancient university. This is the fourth Doctor and his Time Lord companion, Romana. One moment the couple are passing under a bridge, the next their punt is emerging empty on the other side. But something is wrong. To the black garbed figure's annoyance the fourth Doctor and Romana become lost in a time eddy.

Quite literally fading away, as his other selves vanish from their time streams, the fifth Doctor has just enough time to set the TARDIS on a pre-programmed flight before unconsciousness overtakes him. When the ship lands, Turlough and Tegan see an image on the TARDIS scanner of a desolate landscape, dominated by jutting mountains and the imposing sight of a mist-shrouded tower.

Not long regenerated himself, President Borusa is meeting with two very senior members of the Time Lord High Council; Lady Flavia and the Castellan. The Death Zone, the most forbidden area on Gallifrey, has become active again, draining energy from the Eye of Harmony and threatening their entire civilization. Two Time Lords, sent to investigate, have not returned, and the Doctor, their principle trouble-shooter, cannot be found, in any of his bodies. Now, in return for a pardon and a new cycle of regenerations, a rescuer has been summoned to find the Doctor's selves: to Borusa's displeasure it is The Master.

Meanwhile, the first Doctor, wandering through a maze of metallic corridors, has chanced upon his grand-daughter, Susan, also a victim of the time-scoop. But the happiness of their reunion is overshadowed by the appearance of a Dalek, confirming Susan's belief they are on Skaro. The Dalek spots them and a grim chase begins. Then the Doctor has an idea. Deliberately trapping himself and Susan in an ante-chamber, he tells her to duck as the Dalek enters the room, guns blazing. The deadly beam reflects off the mirrored walls until it strikes the Dalek's casing. The explosion blows the casing apart, revealing the thrashing Dalek creature, which quickly perishes. A hole has also been blasted into one of the walls. Through the gap Susan and the Doctor glimpse a forbidding edifice in the distance – the Dark Tower. They are on Gallifrey, in the Death Zone.

Jon Pertwee as the Third Doctor makes a telling point to Sarah Jane (Elizabeth Sladen).

SINISTER TOWER

The Brigadier and the second Doctor find themselves on a mountain slope. In the distance they glimpse vague movement as they explore a ruined building. They are unsure whether it was an illusion until a steel hand snakes out through a slot in the wall, seizing the Brigadier's arm in a vice-like grip. Using a length of piping as a club, the Doctor breaks the unseen creature's grip and the two flee.

Further away, Sarah Jane Smith is lost in a rolling fog. Above her, black clouds spit dazzling forks of lightning. Unable to see ahead, Sarah takes one step too many and tumbles over a ravine. Desperately she clings to a protruding root. Alerted by her ▶

screams the third Doctor, in 'Bessie', comes to her rescue, using the car and a tow-rope to winch her to safety. Sarah suddenly realises it is not 'her' Doctor she has met, but is happy to accept a lift as the Doctor heads for the sinister tower he has glimpsed in the distance.

After several hours' walking, the first Doctor is tired. He is about to sit down when Susan spots the TARDIS. Regarding the ship as his castle, the old man is put out to find it occupied by three total strangers until he is introduced to Tegan, Turlough, and his own fifth incarnation. The presence of the first Doctor helps revive the younger man, and as his strength returns he compares notes with his former self. He confirms they are in the Death Zone, not far from the Dark Tower in which is the Tomb of Rassilon. Their abduction is proof of evil coming from the Tower and they decide to investigate. The fifth Doctor elects to try the front door, and sets out accompanied by Tegan and Susan. Turlough and the original Doctor will co-ordinate operations from the TARDIS.

To prove the Master is on official Gallifrey business, Flavia presents him with the Seal of the High Council. The Castellan hands him a device for signalling the Time Lords. The Master is transmatted into the Death Zone. He arrives safely, only to discover the charred remains of his Time Lord predecessors. An instinct warns him just in time to dodge a lethal bolt of lightning that blasts the ground where he stood.

Scaling the foothills to the Tower, the Second Doctor is recounting the history of the Death Zone to a rapidly tiring Brigadier. In the days before Rassilon the people of Gallifrey still had great powers, which they misused to build this slaughter arena. Peppering it with all kinds of traps, they then kidnapped people from other worlds and set them down here to fight each other. The contest would be viewed as entertainment by the abductors.

A similar conversation is in progress between the third Doctor and Sarah, until a figure ahead brings 'Bessie' to a stop. It is the Master, recognisable to the Doctor despite his regeneration. The Master's claim to be an ally is greeted with disbelief by the Doctor, who thinks the seal was probably forged. Abandoning him, the Doctor and Sarah drive on. But their flight is short. A lightning bolt strikes the car, bursting one of the tyres. Fearing a trap the two run for the paths that lead to the summit of the mountain. Unfortunately up ahead they spot a squad of armed Cybermen.

Cresting a rise the fifth Doctor, Susan and Tegan are spied by The Master, who calls to them. The Doctor tells the girls to wait while he goes to speak with his arch-foe. Unnoticed, a Cyberman on patrol slips away to report. Seeking escape from this zone too, the Cyberleader receives his scout's news with a customary 'Excellent'. The Cybermen prime their weapons.

Tegan spots the group of advancing Cybermen first and yells a warning. Too late, a stun blast fells the Master. The Doctor shouts to his companions to run, as he searches his fallen foe. In the Master's cape he finds the transmat device and uses it just in time. The girls steal away, but not before Susan sprains an ankle, slowing their retreat. The Cybermen surround the Master as he recovers. Thinking quickly, the Time Lord announces he has been waiting for the Cybermen. It is the Time Lords in the Tower who brought them here, he proclaims. To escape they will have to capture the Tower – and who better to lead them there but the Master, who asks only his freedom by way of return. The Cyberleader agrees but motions to his Lieutenant the Master is to be killed when the Tower falls.

The second Doctor and the Brigadier have found a narrow cave opening in the foothills, through which they might gain entry to the Tower. The Doctor voices his suspicions that Rassilon himself might be behind their predicament. No-one knew the true extent of his powers, and he may not be dead after all . . .

Back in the TARDIS the first Doctor realises it is up to him to reach the Tower, now his younger self has vanished. With Susan still in pain, he is glad of Tegan's offer to go with him.

The fifth Doctor gives the High Council an account of his adventures in the Death Zone, claiming that a member of the High Council must be responsible for the activation of the zone, and the kidnapping not only of the Doctors but of enemies like the Daleks and the Cybermen as well. Besides, the Cybermen tracked him and the Master all too easily – as if they were meant to be found. To stress his point, the Doctor snaps open the recall device. Inside is a miniature homing unit. The device was given to the Master by the Castellan, points out Borusa. Arresting the Castellan, a search is ordered of his chambers and offices.

The Brigadier and the second Doctor are forging up through the heart of the mountain. But hearing a growling roar coming from somewhere nearby, they realise something very large, very fierce and very hungry is tracking them. Squeezing into a narrow alcove, the two watch apprehensively as a bulky shape approaches. The Doctor pulls from his pocket a firework which he lights. Their antagonist is a Yeti. The Doctor tosses the firework at the creature, but the resulting bang only causes the monster to attack. But its actions dislodge a vital keystone and a fall of rock buries the creature forever. Unfortunately, muses the Brigadier, it has also buried them. The Doctor notices a breeze coming from somewhere behind them. Pulling a few chunks of rock aside reveals another tunnel leading upwards, ending in a metal door. The door is open, which makes the Doctor wonder if he was meant to find this route. Cautiously, the two enter the Tomb.

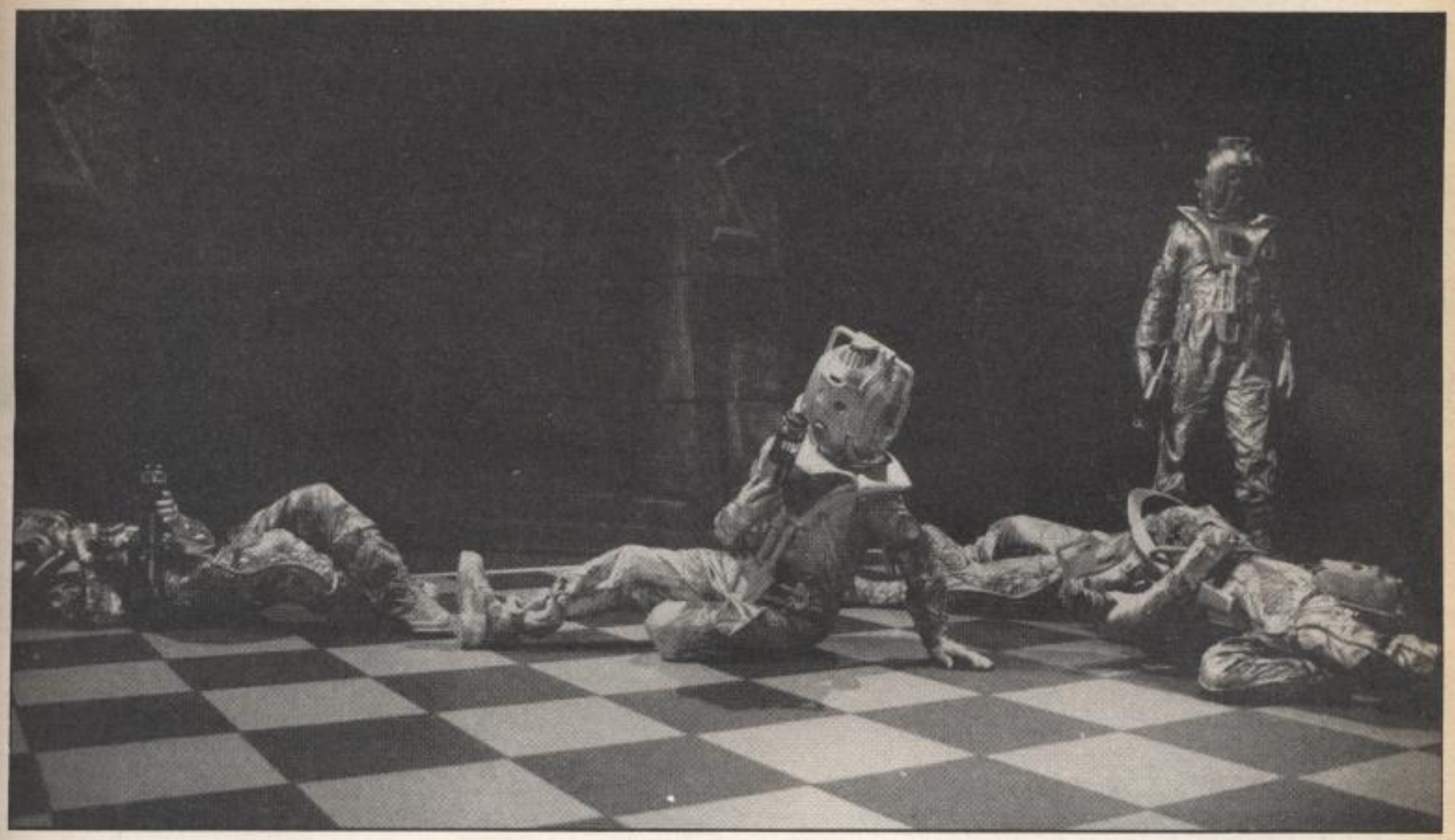
A search of the Castellan's quarters has revealed an ornate box, bearing Rassilon's seal. In the box is a set of black parchment scrolls – forbidden knowledge from the Dark Times. Still protesting his innocence, the Castellan is led away with instructions from Borusa to use the mind probe to extract a full confession. But just beyond the Council Chamber, the Castellan is shot for allegedly trying to escape. Saddened by this thoughtless killing, the Doctor decides to return to the Death Zone. Borusa forbids this. He has need of the Doctor's experience. Flavia is told to escort the Doctor to a place of rest.

UNEXPECTED HELP

The third Doctor and Sarah have meanwhile run into a Raston Robot. The Doctor describes it as one of the most efficient killing machines ever devised. Possessed of incredible reflexes, the robot is equipped with a dazzling array of weapons, all hidden within its lithe form. Almost afraid to move, he and Sarah know the Robot is, even now, tracking them. Help comes from an unexpected quarter, however, as a group of Cybermen arrive and immediately open fire. But their clumsy weaponry and reflexes are no match for the Raston Robot. With phenomenal speed the robot fires at the marauders, ending their lives in seconds. Only one Cyberman, badly wounded, escapes the massacre, doggedly following the Doctor and Sarah, who have used the battle's distraction to escape. Reaching the summit at last, the two stare down at the Tower's roof a few hundred yards below and away from their vantage point. Then Sarah spots the wounded Cyberman lumbering after them, and is told to hold it at bay until the Doctor fashions a wire lasso, which he uses to snag a battlement on the Tower roof. Then, grabbing Sarah, he launches himself along the wire. They reach the Tower safely, though their flight is spotted from below by the Master and the main party of Cybermen. The Master uses the diversion to steal ahead towards the Tower.

Already at the main gates are the first Doctor and Tegan. Using the direct approach, the Doctor rings the front door bell. Slowly the doors open and they pass into the main hall.

Back at the TARDIS, a group of Cybermen are trying to gain entry. They are preparing a bomb to



blow the ship open. Estimating its power Susan muses it just might have the power the break through the TARDIS defences.

A different problem has confronted Tegan and the first Doctor in the Tower's great hall. The way ahead looks clear but the Doctor is suspicious of the floor's checkerboard markings and tests the way ahead by tossing coins onto each square in turn. Nothing happens with the first few squares, then a coin is incinerated by a massive bolt of electricity. Then the Doctor hears a voice. It is the Master, and the Doctor and Tegan have just enough time to duck behind a pillar before the Cybermen arrive. The Cyberleader, too, is suspicious of their easy passage into the Tower, and he orders the Master to cross the floor first. This he does – without harm. But when the squad attempt the crossing, each one is blasted by the energy bolts. Alone now, the Cyberleader trains his gun on the Master, whose bow of subservience converts into a dive towards a gun, and seconds later the Cyberleader lies dead on the floor. Laughing, the Master hops across the checkered floor, saying it is as easy as pie. Neither Tegan nor the Doctor understands this, until the latter deduces the Master meant "Pi", not pie. Using this as a reference, the old man is able to deduce the safe route across the floor.

Descending a flight of stairs ahead of Sarah, the third Doctor is amazed to find Liz Shaw and Captain Mike Yates awaiting him at the corridor junction.

Opposite: ***Turlough (Mark Strikson), the 5th Doctor (Peter Davidson) and Tegan (Janet Fielding).*** **Above:** ***The Cybermen are defeated; only their leader (David Banks) survives.*** **Below:** ***Philip Latham as Borusa, pursuing his deadly ambition.***

They beckon him along a different route, but his instincts and confidence are too strong. The two phantoms fade away. Meanwhile the second Doctor sees images of Jamie McCrimmon and Zoe Herriot, warning him not to proceed any further. Undaunted, the Doctor forges ahead, realising they are phantoms. The real Jamie and Zoe would not remember the Doctor after his trial before the High Council . . .

Impulsive as ever, the fifth Doctor has gone to seek a further audience with Borusa – only to find the council chamber empty. The Doctor elects to wait, passing the time strumming tunelessly on an ancient harp set into an alcove.

The first Doctor reaches the Tomb of Rassilon first. The regal bier dominates the room, its lid surmounted by a sculpted representation of Rassilon. The Doctor's attention is drawn to a plinth engraved with ancient lettering, but before he can examine it in detail he is joined by the third Doctor, Sarah, Lethbridge-Stewart and the second Doctor. Leaving their respective companions swapping notes, the three Doctors study the plinth's inscription. It tells them that should they then take the Ring from Rassillon's finger, the wearer will be granted true immortality. Only one line puzzles the Doctors, "To lose is to win – and he that wins shall lose." At that moment the Master steps out from the shadows, gun levelled at the Doctors. His will be the hand that takes the Ring from Rassilon, thus gaining victory over death itself. But the Master forgets the others and with surprising agility the Brigadier moves up to deliver a sharp uppercut to the Master's jaw. Now the Doctors are free to concentrate on disarming the forcefield generator.

Back at the TARDIS the Cybermen have prepared their bomb and the Cyberlieutenant orders detonation. When the dust and smoke clear, the police box is nowhere to be seen. Susan and Turlough are on their way to join the Doctors in the Tomb.

The fifth Doctor, meantime, has cracked the secret ▶

of the Council Chamber. The key is the harp plus the portrait behind of Rassilon playing that same harp. Plucking the notes as shown in the painting opens the hidden door leading the Doctor down to a darkened room – the long-forgotten Game Control. Standing before the gameboard is a figure in a robe of the old Time Lords. Borusa.

From tutor to Cardinal, to Chancellor, and finally to President, Borusa has dominated much of Gallifrey. But the thing he cannot face is leaving his work unfinished. To conquer death and rule as President Eternal is his wish, and to achieve that he has had the Doctors, their companions and enemies playing the Game of Rassilon; clearing the obstacles between him and his goal. Using Rassilon's coronet, which amplifies his mental powers considerably, Borusa swamps the Doctor's will and bids him tell his other selves, over a communictions link, to touch nothing till he arrives at the Tomb.

The TARDIS, bringing Susan and Turlough, has already arrived by the time the fifth Doctor and Borusa step from the transmat booth. The President attempts to swamp their minds too, but finds the combined will of all four Doctors too strong. But even ranged against him, the Doctors cannot overcome Borusa's power, and he knows that even if his confederate – the Guard Commander – confesses to Lady Flavia it will still be a case of a renegade's word against that of the most esteemed personage on Gallifrey.

THE PRIZE TO CLAIM . . .

Suddenly the spectral form of Rassilon rises from the tomb to reward those who have come seeking immortality. Borusa affirms his claim to the prize and, surprisingly, the first Doctor supports him. Rassilon commands him to take the ring and to put it on. As he does so, however, the walls of the sarcophagus change to reveal a row of stone faces, all with eyes hideously alive. These persons, too, sought immortality, and it was granted them. The President vanishes, only to re-appear frozen in stone beside the others; still alive but immobile forever. The sarcophagus becomes blank again. The ring returns to its rightful owner, and Rassilon promises he will return all the game participants to their rightful times – even the Master, who is transported back to his TARDIS.

The fourth Doctor comes to, lying in a Cambridge alleyway. Behind him the TARDIS materialises. The Doctor enters and the ship departs once more.

As Rassilon's spectre departs the Doctors realise it is their turn to say goodbye to one another. They each step into the TARDIS, which then dematerialises three times, leaving the original TARDIS still there; temporal fission explains the fifth Doctor in blasé fashion.

Flavia and a troop of guards transmat into the Tomb, anxious for the Doctor's safety. With Borusa "indisposed", the title of President is vacant again, and since he is still entitled to hold that position, Flavia tells the Doctor he has been re-elected President by the High Council.

With a little too much haste for so noble an office, the Doctor's first command is to despatch Flavia and her guards back to the capital, to prepare for his arrival. When they are gone he quickly bundles Tegan and Turlough into the TARDIS and sets off, bound for anywhere but the Gallifrey capital. He is on the run again in a rickety old ship – as it was in the beginning . . . ■

fact file
Feature by Richard Marson

The making of THE FIVE DOCTORS

The Five Doctors was the ultimate celebration of twenty years of *Doctor Who* – and it was conceived early in 1982 with exactly that aim in mind. Producer John Nathan-Turner and script editor Eric Saward were both keen on having all five Doctors, with the idea of William Hartnell's incarnation appearing on old clips only. When Tom Baker dropped out, however, Nathan-Turner decided to cast look-alike Richard Hurndall for Hartnell's role whilst still using a prologue clip of Baker from the uncomplete *Shada* adventure. The other main characters were written in as soon as the availability of the actor or actress was confirmed.

Terrance Dicks, an eminently suitable choice, was selected to write the special 90 minute film and he explains some of the joys and problems of the job: "My task was to fit in all these characters, plus some of the old monsters into a plot which could take them. I, for instance, suggested having K9 and the Dalek. Then just as I completed my first draft Tom dropped out and it was back to the typewriter. *The Five Doctors* was full of those kind of last minute alterations and while it was occasionally frustrating it was also a great concept to work with. Having been both writer and script editor I knew what I would probably face when I took it on."

Actors invited to be involved included Deborah Watling, John Levene and Katy Manning. Those that did return loved the experience. Elisabeth Sladen said of her involvement: "I did it because John promised me it would be good for Sarah. It would almost have been bad manners to say no. I'm glad I did it – it was so like old times, freezing to death on bleak locations but such fun too."

Part of the reason why the special was recorded in March was to ensure fitting in with Patrick Troughton's many other commitments. One amusing story connected with the cameo appearance of Richard Franklin was his haircut: "In the show I'd always wanted long hair but Barry Letts said even though UNIT was supposed to be in the future it wasn't on. So for *The Five Doctors* I decided I would be good and go in as a soldier. I had my hair cut at a military hairdresser's and went into the studio where I was greeted by a surprised make up girl – she told me my hair was far too short!"

Director was the experienced Peter Moffatt who told me some of the problems encountered in the making of the story: "The filming was nearly ruined by mist. When I first went to have a look at locations, they were covered in snow and looked incredibly beautiful but when we were actually shooting we got these driving mists. The scene with Pat and Nick at the base of the Tower took place in this tremendously dramatic and beautiful gorge but with the mist we lost all the massive height above them. We also had to do the Eye of Orion scene twice of all things it had to be that, which meant taking the TARDIS up this steep and muddy hill. It was much further away from the rest of the filming, near the Ffestiniog railway. We got a report back from the labs saying that we'd lost all the shots of the TARDIS so I had to revise my filming schedule so we could go back a week later on what had originally been a free day and do them again.

"The Raston Robot was played by a dancer called Keith Hodiak who only had a jock strap on under a body stocking. He also had a lot of problems with his mask steaming up. All he had to do was leap but in that cold it was no easy task. His scene was filmed on three different days alongside the Cybermassacre. I also had to be down in the caves shooting the stuff with the Yeti so John stepped in for me and did all the cutaway shots of the Cybermen being blown up. The arrows from the Raston Robot went down a sort of line arrangement which we had to do our best to conceal. All these, our long shots and shots of Jon Pertwee and Lis Sladen watching were done on separate days, so tying it all together was a problem. We get a lot of colour change because the weather had changed over the days, and I'm afraid in some scenes you can notice this."

NOVELISED VERSION

The Five Doctors was novelised for Target by Terrance Dicks whose version, both hard and paperback, reached the shops before the show was actually screened. Over in America, the story was broadcast on anniversary day itself while in Britain, it was shown two days later on Friday 25th November as part of the BBC's *Children In Need* appeal.

Interview

NICOLA BRYANT

by Gary Russell

Nicola Bryant was trained in acting at the famous Webber Douglas Academy. She holds a dual American/British passport, having spent a great deal of her life on both continents, and swaps accents whenever it suits her. Nicola grins as she explains that she gets the best of both worlds as she could conceivably play Americans in Britain and Britons in America, having quite a range of dialects and accents from both places.

She is also very musical, and holds an ambition to write an Andrew Lloyd-Webber like musical, get it produced on a London stage and retire gracefully. Her range of parts played on stage whilst at drama school is diverse and interesting as everything from Miss Neville in *She Stoops to Conquer* through to the main role of Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's *Pygmalion.* It was by playing Nanette in *No, no Nanette* that someone suggested she audition for the role of Perpugilliam Brown, the young botany student destined to become the sixth Doctor's travelling companion. Her agent sent in a photograph to *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner and he agreed to see her. After a total of four auditions competing with actresses who had flown over from America and Canada, she was given the role. I talked to Nicola towards the end of the studio videotaping sessions for the fourth story of next season, *The Two Doctors,* just a few days before she was due to fly to America for a couple of weeks before returning here to start work on the third story, *Mark of the Rani.*

I asked Nicola how her first few days on *Planet of Fire* had been.

"We had just one day's rehearsal before we went off to Lanzarote – just a read through of the script where I got to meet everybody. It is difficult to rehearse film scenes though, as you have no actual idea where things will be. You can't say we'll stand on this rock or climb that mountain until you get to a location and see what it is like. Then we got on a plane and went to Lanzarote and the very first day's work was the drowning sequence – which took nearly all day and included a German nudist!" She then explained that as she was acting, floundering around in the water, a German tourist on a nearby beach thought she really was drowning and heroically leapt in to save her.

I wondered how much, if any, of Nicola Bryant is in the character of Peri.

"I was lucky that I had such a long break between getting the part and actually starting. I just spent all day thinking about Peri, who she was, how she would react to things – the kind of situations that you knew companions

got into and so I felt like I really knew her. When I first watched the video – John said to me come and see *Planet of Fire* before it goes out because it'll probably be a bit of a shock – I got a shock! Then once you get over that feeling of 'Oh gosh, that's really me?' you felt 'Hey that's not me, that's Peri. It's my best friend, somebody I know very well'."

Apart from the fact that Peri was a student with a mother and step-father, was Nicola given any other brief about the character?

"No. But I knew exactly what she was from day one; I think you've got to. I don't think it's one of those parts that you can go into thinking 'Oh I'll see how she comes out' otherwise you can get yourself in all sorts of difficult situations. It's difficult to say how much of me is in Peri – the moment I started to read for the part I said 'I know this girl – I know

her she's me'. So I started to think that there was a lot of me in the part as it was written. That's why I felt sure I could play her. But in the event I couldn't say really that there's more than half of me in Peri."

Stage to Screen

Bearing in mind that her first television experience had been film, how different did she find work in a studio to location work or stage?

"Completely. For a start I didn't know what this technical stuff like close up and medium close up was – it was all written as MCU, etc, so I thought, 'Right, just say the lines – mean it, and it'll be alright'. I was glad that I had all that time before because I knew the script backwards so I knew exactly where I had come from and where I was going to. Normally you never have to, if you're in a stage play you start and do it from beginning to end but here in the studio it was 'Oh goodness, I've played the scene immediately before and after on film, so now I've got to make sure they link together'.

"I feel very happy in the studio now, because I've got used to it – the same faces there and you know you're all working for the same product but then I felt happier on film because it was my first week and it was the only bit I felt I knew at all! Right now I prefer studio and I'm more nervous about doing film because you don't know what external things are going to affect you – like if it's below zero and you're playing on what is supposed to be a very hot planet."

Choice of Costume?

Taking this wry comment to it's natural end, I asked for an example of this. With a grin at the memory she said, "Well, we filmed *The Caves of Androzani* in Devon, in the same place the BBC did *Beau Geste,* where it was supposed to be hot. But it was so cold we had no way of wrapping up because my costume was in direct continuity from the last story, wearing the clothes I wore in Lanzarote! I remember the camermen saying 'Slap your face, love, you're going blue' and then I got frostbite, and then I got pneumonia and then Peter fell ill to – it was a pretty rough shoot. Fun, eh?"

As she had brought the subject of clothing up, I asked Nicola how much choice she got in what she wore.

"Oh about 0.1 percent. Yes, that much. I might get a favourite colour if I'm lucky. In *Attack of the Cybermen* I start in a shocking pink leotard and shorts, then get into a sort of red jumpsuit. That wasn't my choice at all – we were aiming for a completely different colour and the jumpsuit was sent away to be made by ▶

the same people who did the Cybermen but it came back big enough for two Peris! So we had to rush out and grab something off the peg. That wasn't that easy because they had stipulated that it had to be symmetrical, and most jumpsuits only have one breast pocket so we had to give up on that. You see they wanted to reverse one shot so at five to seven we just grabbed the last one we could and took it from there. Then in *Varos* I have a blue leotard and shorts. You see John Nathan-Turner said right at the start of this season, 'I want her in shorts and leotards.' That's how we started and that's how we'll probably end! They went out first and bought the shorts – first pink, then turquoise and even a yellow pair and then tried to find matching leotards. But in *The Two Doctors* I wear a psychedelic thing that glistens nicely in the sun but in Seville where we filmed it reached 102 degrees and it felt like a thermal blanket – I felt like a roast chicken. I could have used that in Devon!"

Filming in Spain

Mention of the recent filming in sunny Spain prompted me to ask what it was like, and how they coped with the local people.

"We were ten days over there and all got 'Spanish Tummy'. We were filming nearly every day from the moment you woke up right until the night, when we grabbed food and collapsed into bed. Fairly long days with fairly long journeys! You see in Lanzarote if we changed location it was maybe a 45 minute drive across the island. But in Spain it was nearly two hours drive anywhere. And we went everywhere. Peter Moffatt, our director, was wonderful – he had a saying about our locations: 'Does it say Spain?' and so there's a lot of Spain. I've seen some of the film of episode three and you can certainly tell that it is Spain. We were mostly out in a beautiful farmhouse out of the way for five or six days. It was only when we went into Seville to film that became difficult – mostly because of American tourists! People will keep quiet for one shot but by take two are bored and start whispering to each other which can easily be picked up on sound. The Spanish were very friendly to us – we had two policemen who went everywhere with us and made sure things were okay."

Making Movies

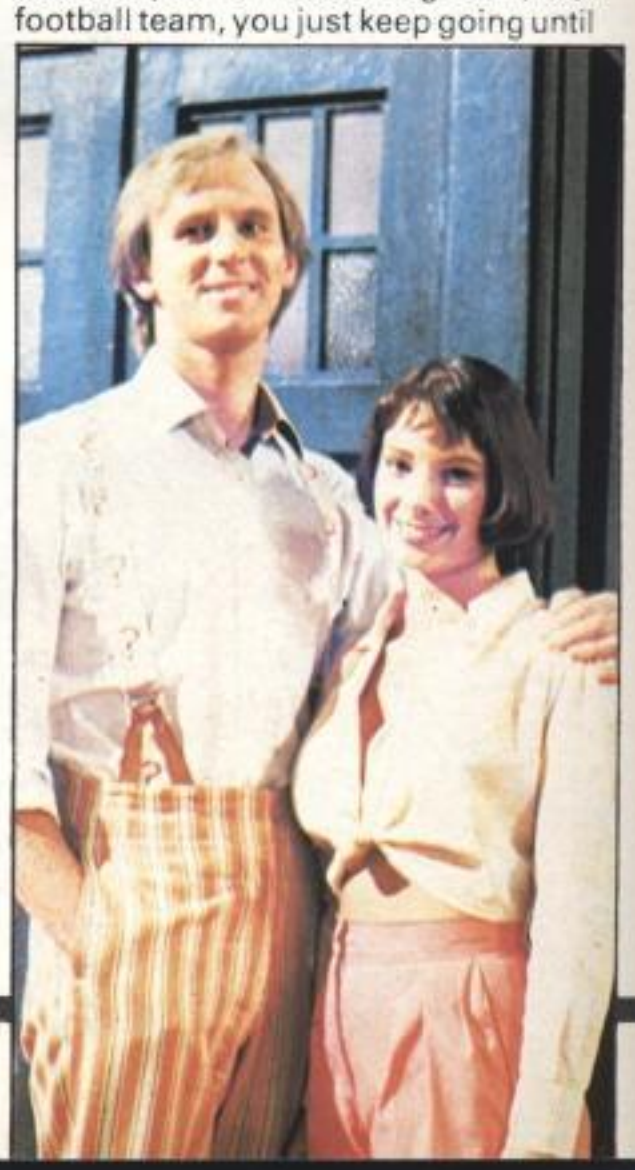
Nicola suddenly paused and broke into giggles as she remembered one incident. "We were filming in an alleyway when this rather large American tourist wandered past and

yelled out: 'Gee, are you making movies? You must be from Hollywood,' and Colin Baker just shouted back, 'No, were better than that, we're British!' And we did a bit of filming for the Cybermen story in the London streets, and there we were watched a lot. It was supposedly a deserted street but everybody was there, watching and I suddenly realised that this was the first time I'd been in the public eye whilst working and it certainly felt a bit strange."

Nicola, after only shooting six stories, has worked with three different Doctors. When Colin Baker joined the series, I wondered if he'd asked Nicola for any help or advice.

"No, he didn't. I felt there was no way I could say anything because I was so inexperienced. We're the very best of pals now – and one day over lunch he said, 'Why didn't you say this is how we do that and that is how we do this,' and I said, 'How can I, an actress of all of two months, come to you an actor of how ever many years and say 'Hey, no, Colin this is what we do here.' I thought it would be all very big-headed and come out wrong but he thought I was being snobbish and snubbing him by not talking."

Next I asked whether filming and recording on such a short amount of time was exhausting. Nicola nodded, adding: "I think only at the end of a three day studio session do I come away thinking 'Where's my bed.' Most of the time the adrenalin keeps pumping. It's not until you actually stop, like last February when the break between seasons occured. The day after we finished, I couldn't get up, even if I wanted to. I just couldn't move because I'd told myself it was time to rest. But that's the only time you ought to, because you're in such a big team, like a football team, you just keep going until



they blow the final whistle."

Moving onto the story she was near to completing, and the one which had given her such a glowing sun tan, I asked about the various familiar faces in *The Two Doctors*. "Well, when John said, 'We're bringing back the Sontarans,' I said, 'Gimme the videos!' Not that it really matters a lot to me because I have to look at them from Peri's point of view. I've had a lot of questions about how much research into the past I'd done about Peri, etc, but Peri is Peri, she's not part of another character and she's not part of the Doctor. She's completely new and everything is new to her unless it's from her immediate past, like the Master. But with the Sontarans I thought I'd like to watch them because they

would be something interesting to see – I like the old programmes! Yet I didn't watch any of Patrick Troughton's stories because I thought it would be better to see how he played it in our rehearsals. And I didn't know anything about Fraser's part because I think Fraser must have been in it before I can remember."

That seemed to automatically lead onto the next, perennial question – how long has Nicola watched the show?

"Ever since I can remember. A Saturday tea time thing which I would drag my sister to watch as well. She hated it – we were both petrified of it, her more than me. So I, being ever the good sister, *forced* her to watch it. We had a sofa with carved wooden legs, so we kept our feet tucked right up, thinking the Daleks were underneath. My mother used to come in at the end and tell us to come for tea but we wouldn't leave the sofa until two more programmes had finished in case they were still there. It's addictive viewing."

Bearing in mind that it has been on almost as long as Nicola has been alive, I posed her the question of the programme's survival.

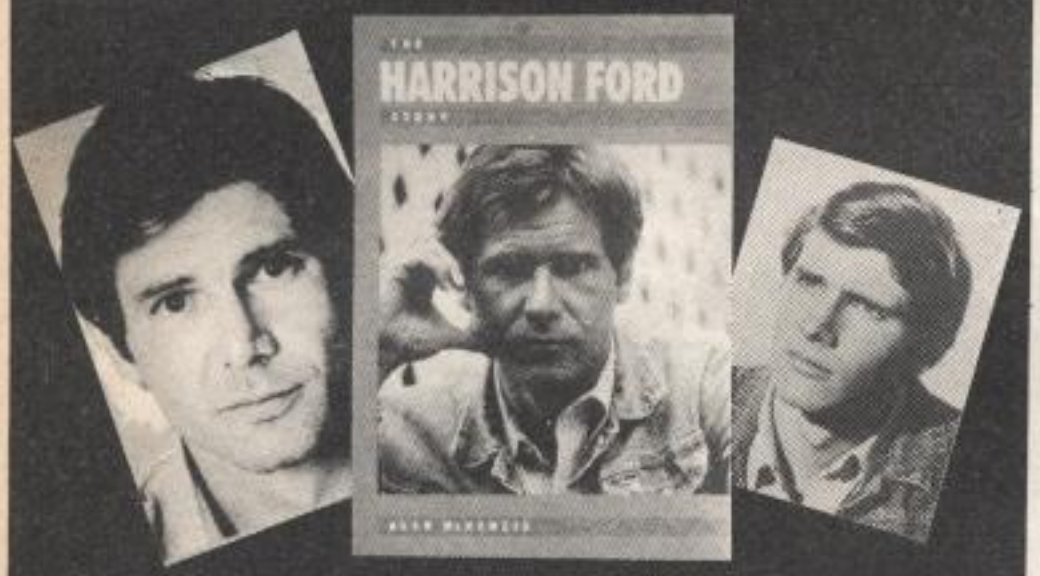
"I understand there can be 13 Doctors, so as long as they can find reasons for the change, I don't see why it should ever stop. Another reason is because it is big in the States. You look at the American market and they've got *Dallas, Star Trek* and they've even got those terrible commercial breaks and that's it – so *Doctor Who* fills a very big gap in the market. It won't peter out now, not now it's got started, and so those people who watch it will always stay. As a *per capita* percentage of all Americans, there's not many viewers but it is at least as many fans as over here. I think it will grow, not diminish. A lot depends on whether it goes onto Network TV or stays on the PBS channels."

My next question concerned her time in between seasons – the gap between last February and the start of the new season's work last May.

"Well, I had a horrible time with the press! First of all it was 'How's it like to be the new companion?' and soon that was over. *Phew,* I thought, but almost immediately 'What's it like to be in Peter Davidson's last story?' and then, *phew,* that was over. And *then,* just as Colin's first story went out and he had literally ▶

Opposite top: ***Peri (Nicola Bryant) at the controls of the TARDIS with the sixth Doctor (Colin Baker).*** **Opposite below:** ***Peri poses with the fifth Doctor (Peter Davison).*** **Above:** ***Peri finds herself at the mercy of the Master in*** **Planet of Fire.**

INDIANA JONES– ALIAS HARRISON FORD



Okay, we've got the message. In response to a flood of mail after we mentioned Ye Editor's extracurricular project, **The Harrison Ford Story** (1984, Zomba Books), we've arranged to mail order the book for the benefit of Ford fans who've had trouble tracking down a copy.

The Harrison Ford Story is a large format soft-cover book of 116 pages covering the career of *Indiana Jones* star Ford, from his first appearance on the big screen as a bellboy in *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round* (1966) right up to his triumph in the George Lucas/Steven Spielberg adventure epic *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

Packed with rare pictures of Ford, quotes from the actor and his co-workers, with full cast-and-credit listings for all his movies, **The Harrison Ford Story** is a must for any fantasy film fan.

HOW TO ORDER

You can order your copy of **The Harrison Ford Story** from:

Napier and Son,
7 North End Rd,
London NW11 7RJ.

for only **£4.95 + £1.55 p&p**. Please make all cheques and postal orders (please do not send cash) payable to Napier and Son. This offer applies in the United Kingdom only. American readers should contact **Arbor House Publishing Company, 235 East 45th Street, New York 10017**. Please ensure we receive your order before **31st December 1984.**

AUTHOR'S SIGNED COPIES

A limited number of copies of **The Harrison Ford Story** autographed by the author are available at the slightly higher price of **£5.95 + £1.55 p&p**.

Please send .... copy(ies) of **The Harrison Ford Story @ £4.95 + £1.55 each.** Total £. . . . .

Please send .... **author's signed** copy(ies) of **The Harrison Ford Story @ £5.95 + £1.55 each.** Total £. . . . .

Name .....

Address.....

.....Age .....

Send to: The Harrison Ford Story Offer, Napier and Son, 7 North End Rd, London NW11. Please allow 28 days for delivery.

DOCTOR WHO

THE MAGAZINE OF TIME AND SPACE

SUBSCRIBE NOW

AND GET TWO SPECIAL EDITIONS FREE!

IF YOU'VE NEVER SEEN Doctor Who Magazine before, you won't know that we cover every aspect of Britain's longest-running science fiction television show . . . from its humblest beginnings back in 1963 with the late William Hartnell as The Doctor, right up to the latest adventures starring Colin Baker in the title role.

Neither will you know about our action-packed comic strip adventures of The Doctor as he faces some of the most deadly foes of his career.

Then there's the news, the reviews and the interviews, and the regular columns like *The Doctor Who Episode Guide*, charting the casts and credits for **Doctor Who** since year one, and the Matrix Data Bank, answering readers' queries about all aspects of the tv show and the merchandising that followed in its wake.

Take the suspense out of that agonising monthly wait for **Doctor Who Magazine** by subscribing. You can have each issue delivered to your door for only £9.00 (within the U.K. – Overseas subscriptions priced £20.00 or US$30.00) for one year.

To ensure your regular monthly supply of **Doctor Who**, just fill out the coupon below and send it to: **Doctor Who Subscription Dept Marvel Comics Ltd, 23 Redan Place, London W2 4SA, United Kingdom** along with your cheque or postal order (no cash!) made payable to *Marvel Comics Ltd.*

Please send me the next 12 issues of **Doctor Who Magazine** as they come off the presses (plus my 2 free Specials as they are published in Summer and Winter). I enclose a cheque*/ Postal Order* for £9.00*/£20.00*/$30.00*.

Name .....

Address.....

.....Age.....

**Delete inappropriate information.*

Subscription will commence from receipt of payment. Offer expires December 31st, 1984.

just left the country to do *The Mousetrap* in Sweden, it was, 'What is it like to be with Colin Baker?' and it never stopped. It wasn't just one paper but all of them, one after another. I just wasn't prepared for it. I thought, 'Wow! Now I can rest and watch the old black and white matinee films,' but no chance! Eventually I had to pull out all the phone plugs. It wasn't so much the photocalls, but I did do interview on top of interview and I just got so exhausted. These interviewers wouldn't agree to a big block interview they could all attend, they wanted an individual one every time! And as well as the Dailies there were the Sunday Papers. In fact, one Sunday paper got me to do a four hour photographic session next to Putney Bridge in the freezing cold. Then there was the Boat Race disaster so they never used them – then they rang me up and suggested re-doing another session the following weekend. But I'm afraid I just said, 'No way! Use what you've got'."

Pressing Photo-Calls

Mention of the Sunday papers and their photo sessions brought me onto the question of what a photo session actually involved. Did Nicola feel that the sort of pin-up style photos she was expected to do were more exploitation of her femininity than a press call about Peri? Even the official BBC postcard that is sent to fans is guilty of that, with the off-the-shoulder top and hitched-up-to-the-thigh skirt.

"I think that's one of the unfortunate things that comes with the part. They always want something extra that isn't just: 'This is *blah* playing *blah* in *blah*'. There's nothing I can do to escape that, and I'm not in a position to do so. Other actresses who come into the show often say, 'Why don't you put your foot down and say, *No*'. And all I say is, 'Look, I'd rather be playing Peri and wear that than not play Peri.' There's just no point in jumping up and down screaming about it. One hopes that a few people will look beyond all that, at the face and the acting and take it for what it is rather than just the outward appearance."

Fan Mail by the Box

What about the fan reaction to the addition of Peri to the regular cast of *Doctor Who?*

"I have so much fan mail that it's almost depressing. By that I mean because I cannot cope and we're going to have to print a standard letter soon. I should think I've now got down to about 500 a week and I feel guilty about it because I *want* to reply – and my agent thinks it's silly but I want to reply to them all, albeit a scrawl. So John suggested they typed up this letter and I said only if I can fill in every name and sign every one personally and enclose an individually signed postcard with each, because that might at least take me back to square one. You see, there was a long delay with my colour postcard and so I had all this mail building up and I'd hurriedly write back to people saying, 'Awfully sorry I don't yet have a postcard, write again'. And it got to the stage when I had so many writing a second time, as well as the first askers, that I had a huge backlog before I could even start.

"Reaction has been fairly good, touch wood, I haven't yet seen a bad letter. Maybe my agent holds those ones back! I now get boxes of the things through the post. Just the other day a huge box marked 'Photocopy Paper' arrived and I thought that I hadn't ordered any photocopying paper and when I opened it, *'Wow!'* I thought, there were loads and loads of letters. What takes so long is that firstly letters are sent to the *Doctor Who* production office where John's secretary sorts them out and posts them off to my agent who in turn bundles them off to me.

"I had a sweet letter recently which goes back to what we were saying earlier, from a lad who said, 'All these sexist photos I've seen you in, do you enjoy doing them or are you forced to?' and then in brackets: 'Not that I don't adore them!' So people have noticed that, and I think there's hope yet! Another one from a youngster who had read that I'm a great music lover and had filled in this competition with all the right answers and put my name on so that I could win a trip to Venice! And sadly, I didn't get it until after the competition had closed. They write and say: 'Can you come to such and such?' in two weeks and by the time I've got the letter three months have passed."

Above: ***An early publicity photograph with producer John Nathan-Turner and incoming Doctor Colin Baker.***

Looking Ahead

I asked Nicola what her plans for the future were with the series, would she go after just one season like Sarah Sutton or Mark Strickson or stay for some time like Janet Fielding?

"I don't know. They have another option on me. Will I take it up? Oh, it's not my choice. You've got to remember that they started out with this fresh drama student for an important role who still might have been awful, or worse, so they had an option on me after three stories, then this season and now the next season. It's entirely John's option – he just rings and says that they're taking it up. I think after the next season that'll be it, because there are no more options. And one presumes that by next year, they will be fed up with seeing me! That'll be 2½ years – any longer and I might have outlived one or two Doctors!" ■

BBC ARCHIVES UPDATE

Feature by Richard Marson

Doctor Who is a cult programme. It has a following unlike any other series. I get an awful lot of letters from fans, some wanting to know what we've got or if anything new has turned up but quite a few saying they think they've got leads on missing episodes and that they know, for instance, that *Tomb of the Cybermen* exists somewhere in Cricklewood. I think they expect me to go off with a metal detector or a squad of BBC hit men. All I can do is follow every possible lead up, in the hope we will strike lucky. As far as my own tastes go, I'd just as soon find the missing prints of *Not Only But Also* but it doesn't have the same fan following."

Steve Bryant is the BBC's Archive Selector, the man who is currently in charge of preserving *Doctor Who* for posterity and only the second to occupy the post which was initiated back in 1978 by the appointment of Steve's predecessor Sue Malden. He took over last year, and since it has been some time since we featured an update on the archives situation we decided to return to the BBC Film and Videotape stores in Brentford to bring you this exclusive feature.

ART OR HISTORY

The post itself was instituted to ensure that the losses of the past don't re-occur: "Which is a fair description of my job," says Bryant, "if a rather crude one. Basically I sit down each week with a copy of the *Radio Times,* maybe some of the press information and later on critical comment and ratings figures. From these, I grade all our output with letters from A to K, which are a form of shorthand that indicates how important it is that a programme should be kept. Thus A = works of artistic importance, B = material important in the history of television. *The Five Doctors* and *The Caves of Androzani,* for example were both graded B. For a normal entry in a series I would attach a grade F which are programmes that represent the output of BBC-tv and the work of individual writers, producers, directors and actors.

Scenes from: Above: Earthshock; below: Death To The Daleks; Opposite: Above: Genesis Of The Daleks, Below: Death To The Daleks.

"All one-off dramas, finite serials and series would automatically be kept, should any more wiping take place while I have been more selective with on-running shows. At the moment nothing that doesn't exist in duplication is disposed of; we even keep every *Breakfast Time.* Programme departments have the ultimate responsibility over releasing material for re-use, and because *Doctor Who* is a good office they will only wipe things like studio recordings. Personally I also sit and watch as much as I can before any decisions are made or any grade is given."

Unfortunately one thing this does mean is that scenes recorded but not screened such as the Kamelion *Awakening* scene and the *Frontios* segments retained in the book but lopped from the televised version will be wiped with the studio recordings. This understandable policy didn't prevent one whole studio session from *Death To The Daleks* slipping through the net and surviving to this day, and, of course the deliberate preservation of all the *Shada* studio recordings.

QUALITY CONTROL

Perhaps the most significant developments as far as *Doctor Who* is concerned at the archives has been the return of many Jon Pertwee episodes held before in black and white film prints but not in colour videotape.

Many of these 'new' colour episodes are actually in 525 line standard copies, which not only require conversion to the 625 PAL standard used in this country, but which are also slightly grainy in quality lacking the sharpness and depth of colour visible in a 625 original. The reason for this is that the episodes mostly hail from Canada which, like America and Japan, uses the NTSC 525 line

system. For a good example in the differences in quality, the repeated *Curse of Peladon* was, visually, the inferior of its re-screened companions, *Genesis of the Daleks* and *Earthshock*. That said, the copy of *Frontier In Space* that recently reached these shores from Australia was in mint 625 line condition. Conversions are an expensive business and so, unless required for broadcast these 525 line copies will remain, for the time being, untouched.

The BBC also hold Sony U-Matic copies of several stories, including *The Silurians* and *Terror of the Autons*. These are in full colour but cannot be screened because even when specially enhanced, are not up to the Corporation's strict quality controls. They are retained, however, as "better than having no colour copy whatsoever" and were recorded off-air in Canada, so that a good possibility at least exists that somewhere out there, the 525 master tapes survive. Similarly, even where a colour master copy is in existence, Bryant feels it best to hold on to the black and white film prints: "I recognise that it probably isn't necessary but it's good to have them there as a back up. They're also useful for possible screenings at places like the National Film Theatre and some countries might still be interested in buying them – film can be shown anywhere regardless of the television standard used."

THE WHITE OX THREAT

Where odd episodes, like episode four of *The Daemons,* survive Steve says a mistake was almost certainly made. "Some turned up on shelves, and by all rights, should have gone with the rest of the story – happily for us they escaped. Examples were kept but these tended to be whole stories like *Day of the Daleks*. Now there's a lot of interest from areas like BBC Video, who are particularly looking for ready edited compilations on the lines of the *Pyramids of Mars*. The Programme Adaptations department was very upset about episode three of *Planet of the Daleks* being in black and white only."

It's all very well having so much *Doctor Who,* supposedly for posterity, but what about the problems of ensuring that it remains in peak condition?: "With film we think we'll have problems with

colour fading, about thirty years on from its original showing. This only affects *Doctor Who* with *Spearhead from Space* and the only way of staving off the colour loss that we know of is to transfer the film to videotape. In a similar way, we don't yet know how long our videotape will last and all we can do to carry on preserving that is to make a salvage copy. We have had a thing called 'white ox' which clogs up the tape heads, and then there is picture drop out – in both cases, as soon as it is discovered, we will have a salvage copy made. The problem is finding tapes which require salvage; obviously we don't and can't make a continual survey of our vast holdings. So factors like 'white ox' can only be dealt with on discovery and for all we know, many other tapes that remain unchecked could be getting worse."

STORAGE PROBLEMS

As far as storage is concerned, the problem is not so much with videotape, more with film: "Videotape is increasingly of the one inch variety whereas it used always to be two inch tape that was employed. Consequently, the tapes are smaller and film needs to be kept in specially cool environments which limit the space available to us. We have recently been having all videotape transferred here, with only that in use, some current affairs and all sport remaining at Television Centre."

As you will see from the listing that accompanies this feature, quite a few of the other programmes that have either focused on some aspect of the show or that have used clips from missing episodes survive at Brentford. Sadly this list does not include the historic appearance of Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee on *Pebble Mill At One* at the time of *The Three Doctors,* and series like *Talkback* and *Junior Points of View* which featured clips fron stories such as *Tomb of the Cybermen:* "Unfortunately, with live shows, we only have recordings if they were taken off air at the time. In this way, apart from the occasional example, only the film inserts from programmes like *Pebble Mill, Tomorrow's World* and *Nationwide* were kept. Indeed only the last eight months of *Nationwide* were off air recorded and *Pebble Mill* still isn't."

Fortunately, a huge number of *Blue Peter* editions were retained and among these are short clips from shows like *The Power of the Daleks, The War Machines* and *The Dalek Master Plan* as well as the greater proportion of the Hartnell/ Troughton regeneration. On top of this Bryant points out that things are still turning up that have been wrongly filed, or that nobody featured the series. Producer John Nathan-Turner hopes to

Scenes from: Above: Planet Of The Daleks; Below and Opposite Above: Doctor Who And The Silurians; Below: K9 And Company.

have uncovered a clip from a missing story that was utilised in an Australian documentary some years back. A recent lead came from a Radio Two disc jockey who said that Nigeria was so behind the times Patrick Troughton was still the Doctor! Telephone calls to the BBC followed and the BBC's man in Nigeria was contacted to look into the situation-considering that the country has something like 30 television stations no easy task. The result was the discovery of complete copies of *The Time Meddler* and *The War Machines* – and the search goes on: "You never know what may turn up or where. We recently had the whole of the first series of *The Rag Trade* back from Hong Kong, and who knows what *Doctor Who* is still about in private and professional hands?"

ANY INFORMATION?

Before I left the library, Bryant took me on a fascinating tour of the whole complex, with its teams of researchers, technicians and catalogue staff. There is no doubt about it this is the best possible home for *Doctor Who* whether or not it is repeated, a factor Steve Bryant has no influence over (so don't complain to him). He was at great pains to restress that no legal action would be taken, and no questions would be asked if someone wished to return an episode: "After all, the main thing is to secure forever as much *Doctor Who* as we possibly can. I want to hear from anyone who thinks they can help and I promise that any viable lead will be followed up without any threat of prosecution."

Considering that Steve Bryant and all who work under him only have the fans' best interest at heart I can only add **Doctor Who Magazine's** promise to forward any relevant information to him and join with everyone in hoping that more of the lost heritage of the series is found.

LISTS OF SOME OF THE DOCTOR WHO RELATED ITEMS HELD IN THE LIBRARY:

The 1977 *Whose Doctor Who* documentary shown in the *Lively Arts* series on BBC-2, which features a clip from the lost *Galaxy Four.*

Did You see? on *Doctor Who's* monsters.

Many editions of *Blue Peter* from the 1960s on, with personal appearances from stars like Peter Davison and Colin Baker, as well as the Daleks and K-9.

Breakfast Time with guests ranging from Nicola Bryant to Patrick Troughton.

The Late Late Breakfast Show with outtakes from *The Five Doctors* and *The Awakening.*

Russell Harty Peter Davison, Colin Baker and a clutch of the weirdest *Doctor Who* fans possible.

Nationwide guests including Verity Lambert, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee and Peter Davison.

Multi Coloured Swap Shop featuring (variously) Sarah Sutton, Lalla Ward and Peter Davison, not to mention Mat Irvine and K-9.

Saturday Superstore Janet Fielding, Mark Strickson, Peter Davison and John Nathan-Turner have all appeared as well as Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant.

Longleat, The 1981 Lord Mayor's Show and the 1983 Chicago convention are all covered in film inserts for news bulletins.

The Money Programme on the American success of the show, also highlighted in *Did You See? Sixty Minutes* and *The Generation Game* have also had items with a *Who* slant. And finally the spin-off show *K-9 and Company.* ■

CLASSIFIED

MC44

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT
DUNGEONS & DRAGONS BASIC SET
contains all you need to start playing.

Somewhere on the other side of your imagination is a world where magic really works. Werewolves lurk in lonely forests, magicians plot in ruined towers, dragons roam the skies and ghosts stalk empty graveyards. You have your wits a sword and a role playing game.

Have you ever read a book or seen a film and thought "I wouldn't do that", when the hero does something stupid, then role playing games are for you. Imagine a story where you can make decisions and change the outcome. A story where you are the hero, there are no limits to what you and other players may attempt. You don't move a counter round the board, your character has exciting adventures in a world as fantastic as you want it to be.

Prices are inclusive of postage and packing . . .
Dungeons & Dragons Basic..... **£10.45;**
A Small Selection of other Role Playing Games:
Star Trek **£10.95;** Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom **£10.45;** James Bond **£12.95;** Dr. Who **£8.95;** Judge Dredd **£8.95;** Traveller: Sci-fi odyssey space travel **£8.95;** Bushido: Adventuring in Samurai Japan **£13.95;** Battle Cars: Game of Deadly Driving **£8.95;** Talisman: Magical Quest Game **£9.95;** Call of Cthulhu: Occult Investigations **£10.95;** Statis Pro American Football **£20.95;** Outdoor Survival **£14.45;** Squad Leader: Infantry combat W.W. **£15.95;** Dune: F. Herbert's space civilization **£13.45.**
All payments payable to Fantasy World. We accept Access or Visa, whether you phone, write or visit.
Fantasy World, 10, Market Square Arcade, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs ST1 1NU.
Open Monday – Saturday 10.00am-5.30pm.
Phone 0782-279294

HEROES
The Comic Shop
Britain's longest-established comic dealer still offers the widest selection of comics for collectors in the country. Good stocks of Marvel and DCare complemented by a wide range of American and British comics from the 1940s onwards: Eagle, TV21, 2000AD, Dandy, Beano, plus annuals, Golden Age, EC, fifties, horror, western and much more. Large s.a.e. for our catalogue or call in and see us. Open Mon-Fri 11-6.30 (5.30 Sat). Three minutes from Highbury & Islington tube, off Upper Street.
HEROES, 21 Canonbury Lane, Islington, London N1 2SP.

MAIL ORDER

JOKES
FREE
Britain's No. 1 Joke Catalogue, packed with over 500 practical jokes from 5p
Stink bombs, Whoopee cushion, wobbly lager glass, laxative tea bags, smoke bombs, willie sugar, cigarette bangers, joke blood, sick, mess, soap sweets, wet jokes, exploding jokes, magic tricks, party fun kits, masks, make-up, sea monkeys, girl strip pens, adult party packs, saucy novelties, naughty presents, posters, badges, the complete Joke Shop by Post.
Send 13 p stamp with your name and address for bumper colour catalogue and Free Gift to:
MATCHRITE, THE FUNNY BUSINESS (DEPT. Y) 167 WINCHESTER ROAD, BRISTOL BS4 3NJ

FILM MAGIC
offers you
Fabulous Black & White and Colour photographs of your favourite film and TV stars. Thousands to choose from. PLUS Sci-Fi, Horror and TV Fantasy stills. Just send 50p for lists: **FILM MAGIC (s)**
18 Garsmouth, Watford, Herts.

"HARLEQUIN"
1st for Books!
68 St. Petersgate, Stockport, Cheshire (Dept M.C.)
Giant 30 plus page illustrations. Catalogue of Movie, TV, Rock-Books, Posters, Photos, T-shirts, Badges, Calendars, Games. 1000's of items on Doctor Who, Star Trek, Star Wars
Send 50p – plus large SAE Overseas £1

FUTURESHOCK
IN SCOTLAND
200 Woodlands Rd, Glasgow, G3 6LN. Tel: 041 333 0784
Gets the *full* range of new US and British SF paperbacks, comics and media mags. Together with thousands of back issues and second-hand titles & board games, standing orders, portfolios, hardbacks, T-shirts etc. Send a second class stamp for catalogue.

Dr Who Fans
Send a First Class Stamp for my latest list of Dr Who: Books, Annuals, Comics, and Merchandise. Also subscription available for latest Paperbacks and Hardbacks. (I will buy Dr Who items as well) Blakes 7 and 2000AD list also available.
JOHN FITTON, 1, Orchard Way, Hensall. Nr. Goole, North Humberside.

SHOPS

OGRE BOOKS
120 Picton Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15
Open Monday – Saturday 10-5.15
Specialists in American comics, SF books and fantasy film mags. Only 15 minutes from the city centre by buses 4, 60, 76, 78, 79, H6, H7, H9, H12, 13 and H20-24. Sorry, no mail order.

NOSTALGIA & COMICS
14-16 Smallbrook Queensway, BIRMINGHAM B5 4EN, Tel: (021) 643 0143.
American and British comics; Rock, SF, Horror and General Film magazines. Current and back issues. Comicstrip, SF, Horror and Television orientated toys, figures, kits, games, vehicles, masks etc. Mail order list is available for a s.a.e. Our large comic shop is open for you to call in:- Mon-Fri 10.00-5.45. Saturday 9.30-6.00. We can accept your ACCESS whether you call, write or phone.
"a comic treasure trove"'– *Birmingham Post*

GALAXY G*1
THE FAST AND DYNAMIC NEW
SPACE BOARD GAME
Rockets • Laser Bolts • Battle Stations • Black Hole • Hyper Space •
—and more—
£7.99 from good Game Shops
Made by Hungry Owl Publications Ltd, London

DOCTOR WHO SHOP
Licensed by BBC Enterprises Ltd – 1984
All items of merchandise. Mugs, books, records, kit Tardis (minature), kit K-9(minatures), money boxes, pencil cases Tardis + Dalek, tiles, Dalek kit etc. Offers invited for boxed talking Daleks four only. Send a large S.A.E. plus a 25p stamp for a Catalogue. Mail Order Only. Who merchandise bought at competitive prices. A3 Landside metropolitan wharf.
Wapping Wall, Wapping, London E1 01-481 0826
1 mile from Tower Bridge 2 minutes walk Wapping station.

COMIC SHOWCASE
17 Monmouth Street, London WC2
01-240 3664
Open six days a week 10am to 6pm. We are THE SPECIALISTS in old American comics and our vast stock ranges from Golden Age through to the '70s; including Marvels, D.C.s, E.C.s, Timelys and many more. Regular shipments from the USA enable us to offer a wide selection of the non-distributed Marvels. We now offer a full range of advance IMPORT comics from all the major companies. We are always interested in buying collections of old or rare comics in nice condition.

FORBIDDEN PLANET BOOKSHOP
Comics, S.F. Film and T.V. Fantasy.
SHOP: Mon-Sat. 10-6 except Thurs. 10-7
MAIL ORDER SERVICE
Please send S.A.E. for current lists to: 23 Denmark Street, LONDON WC2H 8NN.
01-836 4179
COMIC MART
Film material and thousands of comics for sale every 2 months at the Central Hall Westminster, LONDON.
Starts: 12-00. Admission free.
Dates: Dec 8 1984

Sheffield Space Centre
485 London Road, Heeley, Sheffield S2 4HL
Telephone: Sheffield 581040
We stock a large selection of S/F, Fantasy paperbacks, American comics, Portfolios, Magazines etc.
Open – Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday 10 am - 5 pm, Saturday - 9 am, Closed Wednesday. SAE for list.

ODYSSEY 7
Manchester University Precinct Oxford Road, Manchester
Open Mon – Sat 9.30 – 5.30. Tel 061 273 6666. The North's leading S.F., Comic, T.V., and Film Shop, Stocking Books, Comics, Magazines, Stills, Soundtracks, Posters, T-shirts and Games. Clean, modern premises, sales area over 1,000 sq. ft. Access to precinct via escalator under Phoenix at Booth St. traffic lights.

CHIMERA
JEWELLERY FROM THE DARKSIDE
AN UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
Sculptured pewter pendants. Demonically detailed, nightmarish and rabidly attractive . . . Even Earthlings are welcome to send a first class stamp for a photo illustrated price sheet to:
CHIMERA,
19 Tidy Street, Brighton, East Sussex BN1 4EL.

POSTERS

POSTERS & PRINTS
Sci-fi rock pop humorous pin-ups scenics etc Choose from our vast range available by mail order Send just 60p for our full catalogue listing HUNDREDS of posters and prints (many illustrated in full colour)
Cauldron Promotions (Dept MV)
47 Landseer Rd. London N19 4IG

● To advertise in the Classified Ads section, ring Maritsa on (01) 221 1232.

I DON'T THINK SO... I'M NOT THE FAINTING KIND...

I BELIEVE I'M UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SOME KIND OF ***POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION...***

BUT EVEN SO, I CAN STILL ***THINK*** QUITE CLEARLY...

THE FIRST PART OF THE JIGSAW IS BEFORE OUR VERY EYES.

THE SECOND AND THIRD PARTS WILL REVEAL THEMSELVES WITH A LITTLE MORE ***EFFORT...***

DOCTOR, THE PEOPLE WHO ARE HUNTING THE ZYGLOTS...

THE ***AKKERS***, REPUTED TO BE THE ***DULLEST*** RACE IN THE GALAXY!

QUITE SO. I THINK IT'S TIME WE PAID THEM A ***VISIT!***

OH, DOCTOR, WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER ***ADVENTURE***, ARE WE? I DON'T THINK MY NERVES COULD TAKE IT!

POLICE PUBLIC CALL

VWORP! VWORP!

THE AKKERS WERE A RACE APART. THEY PURSUED TEDIUM WITH THE DOGGED ZEAL OF UNTREATED SEWAGE ON ITS WAY TO THE SEA...

THEY WERE AS BORING AS ROPE. AS INTERESTING AS INSURANCE. AS DULL AS DENTAL DECAY...

GORDON, HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU WHAT A WONDERFUL AND INSPIRING PLACE THE UNIVERSE IS? HOW MIRACULOUS IT IS TO BE A LIVING, BREATHING, SENTIENT BEING AT THE THRESHOLD OF INFINITE POTENTIAL?

NO, BAZ.

NO, ME NEITHER, GORDON.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO **DO**, DOCTOR?

WE'RE AFTER ***INFORMATION***, DOCTOR. HOW THE ZYGLOTS ARE CAPTURED, HOW THEY'RE CONTAINED ...AND WHAT MOTIVATES THE AKKERS. IF ANYTHING...

IS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO BE ARMED? I DON'T FEEL QUITE COMFORTABLE WITH THIS HORRID WEAPON...

IT'S ONLY A STUN WEAPON, DOCTOR. TO DEFEND YOURSELF IN CASE WE GET SPLIT UP.

WHILE THOSE TWO PLAY HEROES, ***I'LL*** FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS RUSTBUCKET...

HERE'S A LIKELY LOOKING PAIR.

EXCUSE ME. WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE ZYGLOTS?

HANG ABOUT...

IGNORE HIM... HE'S A FIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.

BUT I HAVEN'T ***GOT*** AN IMAGINATION!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THEREFORE... HE MUST BE ***REAL!***

EMERGENCY ALERT
PLEASE READ INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY BEFORE USE
PTO

I'LL SOUND THE ALARM!

BLAAARGH!
BLAAARGH!

THAT'S A ***GREY ALERT!*** INTRUDERS ON BOARD, CAPTAIN!

I'LL ACTIVATE THE ***DEFENDER*** ...HE'LL SOON FLUSH 'EM OUT!

MINE

THEY KNOW WE'RE INSIDE THE SHIP! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

BLAAARCH!

PUFF PANT!

THIS WAY... LET'S GO!

BLAAARCH

G-GOOD GRIEF, DOCTOR! WHAT ON EARTH IS *THAT?*

I AM THE ***DEFENDER***... GUARDIAN OF THIS SHIP! FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES I HAVE DONE WHAT I'M TOLD, NO QUESTIONS ASKED...

I POSSESS POWERS UNDREAMED OF!

BY A VERY CLEVER FEAT OF MECHANICAL MANIPULATION I CAN TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO ANY NUMBER OF THINGS... SOME OF THEM QUITE INTERESTING REALLY...

AND ALL POTENTIALLY ***LETHAL!***

FOR EXAMPLE: A HEAVY DUTY ***INDUSTRIAL VACUUM CLEANER*** WITH ***PAINT SPRAY ATTACHMENT!***

OR HOW ABOUT A SELECTION OF HIGH PRESSURE **DRAIN-CLEARING EQUIPMENT?**

OR A PILE OF OLD BUCKETS! IMPRESSIVE, HUH?

BEWARE MY MARTIAL SKILLS! I AM AN **EXPERT** WITH THE BROOM, THE SQUEEGEE AND THE BRUSH!

BUT MOST OF ALL... I AM A SPECIALIST WITH THE **MOP!**

BOP!

OW!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU BOPPED THE DOC WITH A MOP!

DON'T COME NEAR ME, YOU **MONSTER!** ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL **BLAST YOU TO SMITHEREENS!**

TO BE CONTINUED.

VENGEANCE ON VAROS

There is an old idea that if you give people what they want, they will end up not wanting it at all – natural curiosity always leads people to seek what they cannot always get. Suddenly flood the market with gold and it ceases to be a precious metal, allow people to hear parliamentary debates on the radio and eventually they'll tire of it. Anything that is rare and desirable can easily become boring and uninteresting when there is a glut of it. Films like *A Clockwork Orange* exploited this idea well – using violence as the motif. It is perhaps from Stanley Kubrick's cult movie that novice *Doctor Who* writer Philip Martin takes a little inspiration as the people of Varos – a none too desirable planet in the first place – see death and pain on their home video units whenever they want. They are even given the choice of voting for death or acquittal (an idea pioneered by cable television in America where citizens can immediately vote which programmes they like over others).

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT?

In charge of this planet and its weird system of entertainment is the Governor, aided and abetted by his Chief and the rather unpleasant Quillam. It is here that the Doctor and Peri arrive and immediately get caught up in the exploits of Jondar and Areta and the power struggles that every so often threaten the Varosian society – and supply much televisual entertainment to the masses. But do the people really need such entertainment? Does the Governor really believe all his office stands for? And are the people really and truly in charge of their own destinies or is there some other, possibly alien, force behind everything?

PERFECTLY REVOLTING!

Philip Martin may well be new to *Doctor Who* but he is no stranger to the world of crime, violence and fantasy. Amongst his previous credits are episodes of *Z-Cars, Supernatural* and one of the most popular ever episodes of BBC tv's acclaimed *Shoestring* series called *Find the Lady*. But it was with a *Play For Today* called *Gangsters* that he really rose to fame, and shortly after that came to whole series of *Gangsters* starring *Attack of the Cyberman* actor Maurice Colbourne as Jack Kline.

The director of this story is Ron Jones, returning to make his fifth story, others having included the highly popular *Black Orchid* and *Frontios*. Creating the visual effects is Charles Jeanes, whilst Dorka Nieradzik supplies the make up and Ann Hardinge the costumes. Incidental music is supplied by *King's Demons* maestro Jonathan Gibbs.

Heading a large cast are Martin Jarvis as the Governor of Varos and Nabil Shaban as a perfectly revolting alien called Sil. Joining them are Sheila Reid and Stephen Yardley as Etta and Arak, Jason Connery (son of 007 Sean) as Jondar and Geraldine Alexander as Areta. Owen Teale plays Maldak and Keith Skinner is Rondel. Forbes Collins appears as the Chief and Nicolas Chagrin as the sadistic Quillam.

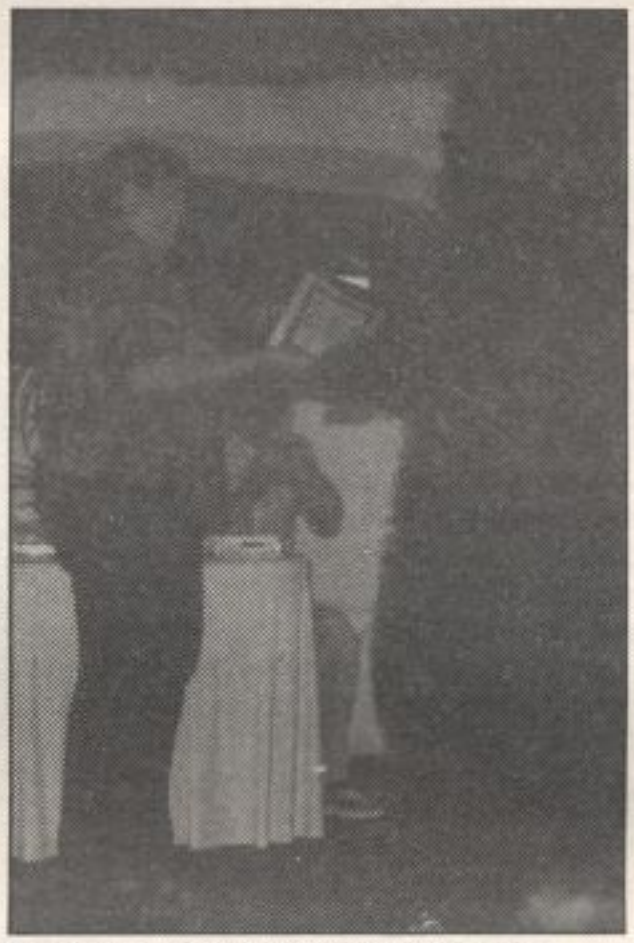
This story, a two parter, was videotaped entirely in the studio, using some of the new and sophisticated special effect techniques and featuring some amazing stunts. ■

PANOPTICON WEST CONVENTION

A special report from the Panopticon West Convention by guest writer, John Nathan-Turner

The first Doctor Who Time Festival, otherwise known as Panopticon West 1984 held in Columbus Ohio on 15/16/17 June, was an enormous success. Jean Airey (Lord President) and her team of organisers operated on the basis that if there are 1,000 fans, there should be 100 staff, including "gophers", an ever-ready band who help out whenever and wherever there is a need of someone additional to the schedule. This ensured, as far as I could tell, a smooth-running Convention.

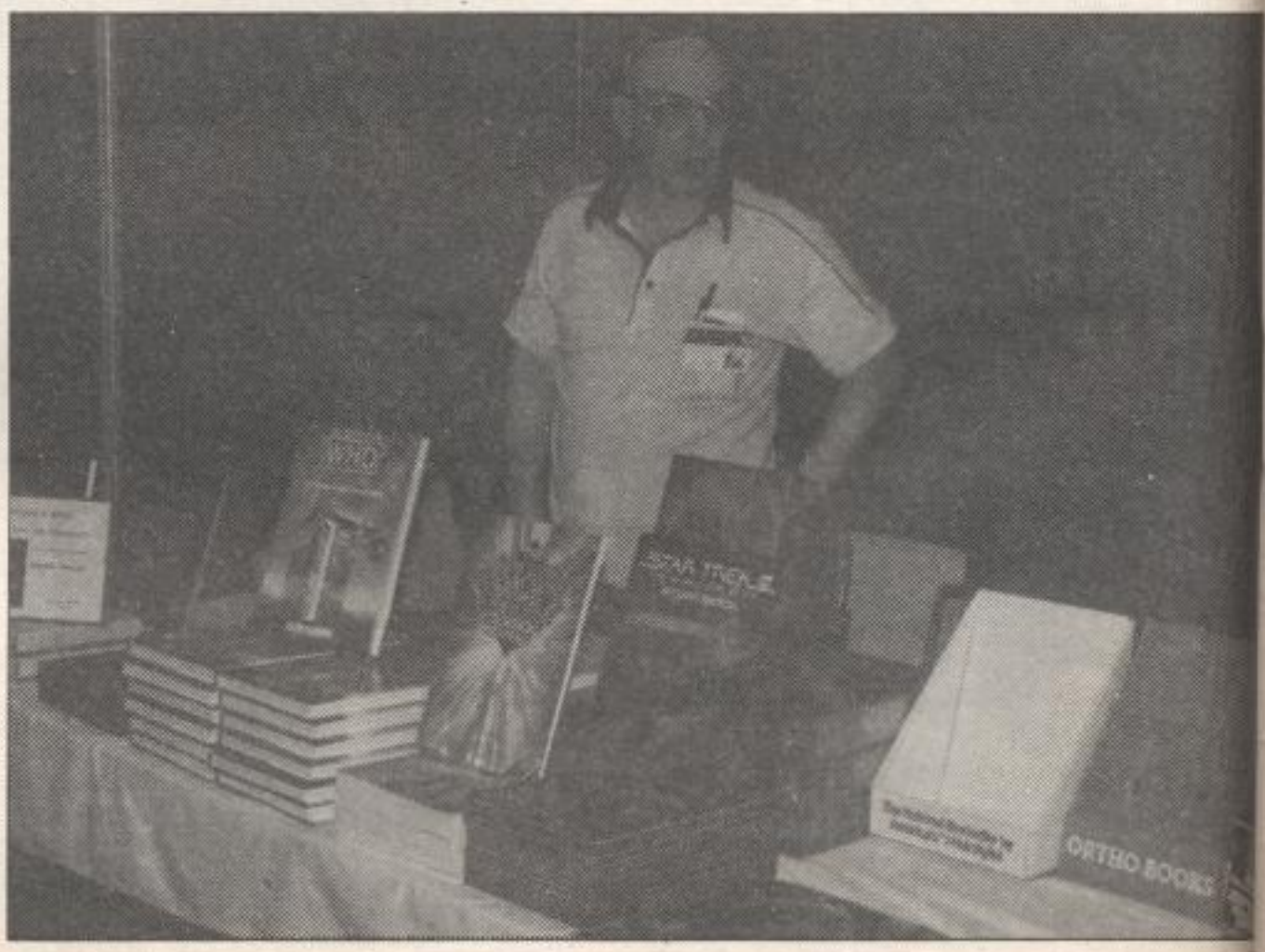
The party of British guests flew out from Heathrow the day before the Convention started: Colin Baker, his wife Marion Wyatt (or Marion Wyatt-Baker as she became known to the fans), Gary Downie (Choreographer of Black Orchid, Production Manager for The Two Doctors and author of The Doctor Who Cook Book, soon to be published), John Yates (BBC Enterprises Photographic and Promotions Manager) who supplied all the photographs that accompany this article, and myself. We nearly always fly to the States with Pan-Am as we are looked after so well and this trip was no exception.



Above: ***A prize-winning Yeti;*** **Left:** ***Colin Baker and John Nathan-Turner share good taste in reading matter;*** **Below:** ***Just a small selection of the merchandise available.***

We arrived at Columbus in the evening and surprisingly only a couple of people from the Convention welcomed us as we stepped off the plane. Imagine our surprise, when rounding the next corner, in search of our luggage, we were greeted by more than a hundred fans – all in Hawaian shirts (such taste!), Hawaian music blaring, girls in grass-skirts performing a Hawaian dance and singing new lyrics to the Hawaian Love Song. It really was a wonderful welcome, though we were all a little too tired to appreciate it fully. After arriving at the Quality Inn, where more fans waited to welcome us, we settled into our rooms and decided to get an early night! It was just as well we did!

The three-day Convention just flew by for everyone – probably because for the fans and the guests there was such a variety of things to do. After the opening



ceremony when the guests were introduced, it was announced that a dangerous hotel cat was missing and on the rampage and would anyone finding it, carefully retrieve and return it. Bearing this plea in mind, there then followed a flurry of activity: Trivia quizzes took place, fanzine interviews, question and answer sessions, art display and filk-singing (changing lyrics to popular songs to include strong Doctor Who references). The Dealers' Room included vast arrays of merchandise: (John McElroy was there from the UK too) including Jelly Babies, (which are actually banned in the States because the red ones include a food dye that is illegal there), jewellery and dragons, not

to mention the usual tee-shirts, photos, calendars, novels and of course ***Doctor Who Monthly****.*

The guests were made extremely welcome throughout the Convention and for all of us it was impossible to attend everything that was taking place. I think the fans enjoy choosing between the events – as I mentioned before, the scheduling includes clashes of activity throughout. One of the major benefits of this idea is that if your number once choice of activity is full, you do have an alternative.

Many of the fans wore costume throughout the weekend but one of the major highlights of the Convention was the Costume Contest itself. There were many excellent entries and the judges: Colin, Marion, Gary, David Saunders (yes, the Doctor Who Appreciation Society head was there too!), one of the fans (another excellent idea) and myself found it extremely difficult to judge the winners. There was an interesting costume for the seventh Doctor, "happy-faced" Cybermen, Yeti, endless Doctors and Companions – including a group of fans who enterprisingly entered as "The Six Doctors". One entrant that deserves special mention was young master Duval as Doctor six who appeared in a TARDIS tent, holding a mirror and quoting endlessly "A noble brow. . ." until he was removed from the stage by his father, Charlie, who is the organiser of the 1985 "Time Festival" in New Orleans.

Also superb was Laura Kyro, who displayed an ingenious costume/presentation starting off as Doctor four, rapidly changing to Doctor six, changing again to display Doctor six's costume if Colin Baker had had totally his own way (a hideous suit in the current style but ▶

Above: ***John Nathan-Turner congratulates the Costume Contest winners;*** **Left:** ***A young scene-stealer, Master Duval, as Doctor Six;*** **Below:** ***These smiling Cybermen received their award from David Saunders.***

PANOPTICON WEST CONVENTION

covered in cats) and finally my ideal Doctor six's costume (a tasteful version in Hawaian shirt material). This presentation was accompanied by a commentary, written by Laura Kyro and highly amusing it was too.

The charity to which all profits for this Convention went was the International Special Olympics and a cheque for $5,000 was presented a few weeks after the event when all the accounts had been settled. A great achievement.

Many of the stars of Doctor Who had sent autographed photos to the "Time Festival" and these were auctioned by the guests raising wonderful amounts of money – some photos going for hundreds of dollars. Similarly the art auction – many pieces of superb standard – raised a great deal, as did some items from BBC Enterprises.

Throughout the weekend various cats, (stuffed and otherwise) were handed in by people who thought they'd found the marauding hotel cat. However none was the missing moggy! Finally at the closing ceremony, a fan handed to Colin a box containing the vicious cat. As Colin put his hand in the box, there was a familiar Tardis sound, and the box was empty!

Top left: ***Auctioned artwork was snapped up by eager fans;*** **Top right**: ***The Seventh Doctor;*** **Centre left**: ***One group entered collectively as the Six Doctors;*** **Centre right**: ***There was almost too much to choose from, when it came to books;*** **Below**: ***A wide variety of science fiction merchandise was available.*** **Photographs by John Yates.**

It was with much reluctance late on Sunday afternoon that the guests, who felt they'd only just arrived, left the hotel and headed for the airport. The weekend had flown by. There's little space left to mention the room parties, the guest suite where the "reverend mothers" fed and watered the guests at all times of the day and night, the autograph sessions, the twenty-four hour video room, Sergeant Benton (Sally O'Brien) who spilt a glass of drink all over Colin during a panel session (Colin retaliated at the closing ceremony however – with a jug!) and the many friends old and new encountered in Columbus, Ohio. Here's to "Time Festival Two". ■

SNAKEDANCE

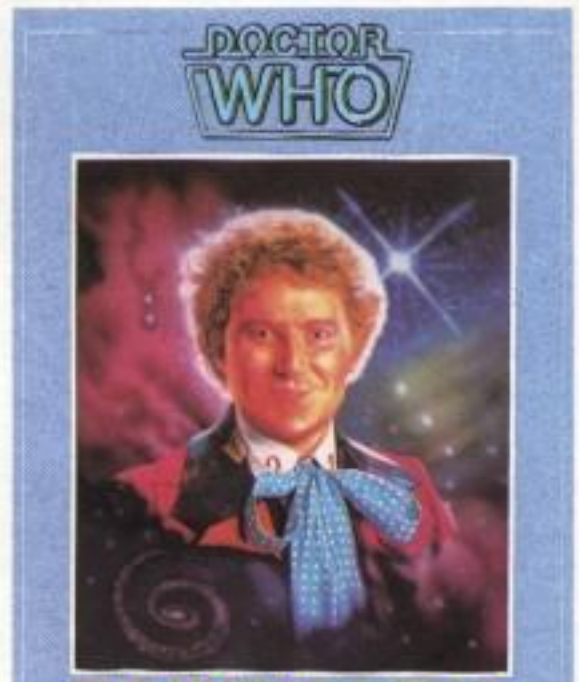
NEW POSTER PRINTS BY DOCTOR WHO ARTIST ANDREW SKILLETER

WHO Dares

AN EXCITING NEW IMPRINT FOR THE WORLDS OF DOCTOR WHO

The 21st Year of DOCTOR WHO heralds the launch of four new designs in this collectable series featuring four new paintings dramatically presenting the Whovian mythology. 'THE FIVE DOCTORS' special with distinctive title lettering and graphic presentation celebrates the classic 20th Anniversary programme. 'THE SIXTH DOCTOR' portrays the New Doctor in his sixth colourful incarnation. Two new additions to the Profile Print range feature DAVROS & THE DALEKS from 'Resurrection of the Daleks' and the new SEA DEVILS from 'Warriors of the Deep'. All quality productions in full colour.

WD2 THE FIVE DOCTORS



WD3 THE SIXTH DOCTOR

PP5 DAVROS & THE DALEKS

PP6 THE SEA DEVILS

PRICES

£1.80 each

TWO or more: Only £1.50 each

All Prices include VAT, Postage & Packing
Size: 420mm×297mm

STILL AVAILABLE

PP1 – CYBERMEN **PP2** – OMEGA **PP3** – SONTARANS
PP4 – THE MASTER **WD1** – K9/Prices as above
Offer applies to the UK/Republic of Ireland only
(No cash please/UK currency only)

DOCTOR WHO **POSTER PRINTS**

Doctor Who © BBC 1984

LAMINATED versions of the Poster Prints are available now from specialist stores across the UK

Australian enquiries for Laminated Poster Prints only should be directed to:
Mail Order Department, ABC Enterprises, Box 9994, GPO Sydney 2001
Phone (02) 4378188 or the ABC shop in your capital city.

DOCTOR WHO POSTER PRINTS

Please send Cheque or Postal Order payable to **'WHO DARES PUBLISHING'** to:

WHO DARES PUBLISHING
3 Durrant Road
Bournemouth BH2 6NE

All Orders dispatched within 14 Days of receipt

BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

PLEASE SEND
POSTER PRINTS (Nos.) _____

I ENCLOSE £ _____